WITH EXTRA 20-PAGE POLO SUPPLEMENT

Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 72.—Vol. VI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, April 19, 1905 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo b *Johnston and Hoffmann*

Miss Mabel Love

Another convert to the popular form of entertainment of the moment—the song-scena. Miss Love makes her appearance at the Coliseum on May 10

No. 72.—Vol. VI.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, April 19 1905

	PAGE
Frontispiece	105
The World's Pageant	107
People of the Hour	110
Random Jottings	116
The World of Entertainment	118
Concerning Lord Kelvin (No. 72 of the Series)	120
Mr. Biff's Travels with a Guide-Book...	122
More Pages from a Premier's Diary ...	124
Tiny "Tina Schwarzes"	126
Our Short Story— "The Door." By Charles Marriott	129
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	134
Matters Musical	136
The Library	137
A Bookman's Gossip	138
Bridge Competition	140
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows ...	142
A Woman's Note Book	146

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Youngest Miss Brown." By Florence Warden. (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)

"Fond Adventures: Tales of the Youth of the World." By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan: 6s.)

"The Conscience of a King." By Archibald C. Gunter. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

"Jörn Uhl." By Gustav Frenssen. Translated by F. S. Delmer. (Constable: 6s.)

"A Modern Utopia." By H. G. Wells. (Chapman and Hall: 7s. 6d.)

"A Courier of Fortune." By A. W. Marchmont. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

"The Millionaire Baby." By A. K. Green. (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)

"Virginia." By L. T. Meade. (Digby Long: 6s.)

"First in the Field." By Ellen Ada Smith. (Digby Long: 6s.)

"A Raw Probationer." By Ellis Dean. (Digby Long: 6s.)

"A Mother of Tsars." A Sketch of the Life of Marie Feodorowna, wife of Paul I., and mother of Alexander I. and Nicholas I. By Mrs. Colquhoun Grant. (Murray: 12s. net.)

Novel Bridge Competition.

CHANCES FOR BEGINNERS

Money Prizes Every Week.

SEE PAGE 140

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

April 19, 1905

By the time these lines appear, a decisive battle should have been fought between "Roj" (as the *Star*, in its thoughtful way, has christened Russia's admiral) and Togo. After hovering for some months about the coast of Madagascar, the Baltic Fleet is taking a direct course for Vladivostok. There seems to be very little doubt in the minds of all naval experts as to the result.

* * *

What course the Tsar will take, when the Baltic Fleet no longer exists as a force to be reckoned with, is a matter of considerable importance. Nicholas is a young man of no talents, who has been forced by the accident of birth into the most vital and important situation which, perhaps, mortal man has ever been called upon to fill. He knows less of what is going on than any moderately well-informed Russian, while his focussing of events is entirely out of all proportion to their real significance. He did not believe it was possible for his army to be defeated, and it is said, that, even now, he is utterly at a loss to understand it. The only explanation he can imagine, is, that the Russian arms were eclipsed by other than natural means.

Still, there is a limit to endurance. It is said that, were it not for the fact that his only brother, the Grand Duke Michael, is a degree more incompetent than he is himself, there would, before now, have been a very strong palace intrigue against the Tsar. But before long, when the aftermath of the war begins to make itself felt, the despair and misery of the people will assuredly lead them to worse reprisals than are even now reported from all parts of Russia.

* * *

A very interesting analysis of the result of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals was lately published by our contemporary, the *Speaker*. It seems that the Unionist Party have, far from losing votes by the introduction of a Protectionist policy, actually gained ground. Here are the figures:

BEFORE TARIFF REFORM (14 CONTESTS).

Votes *lost* by Unionists	5,496
Average for each election: *loss* ...	321

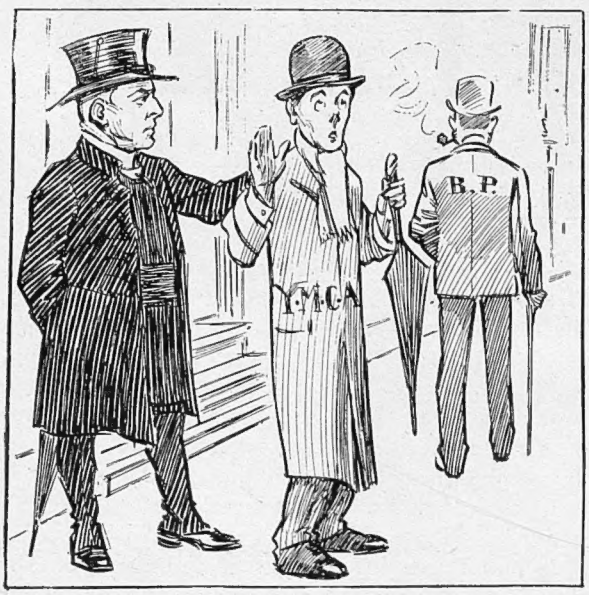
SINCE TARIFF REFORM (33 CONTESTS).

Votes *gained* by Unionists	976
Average for each contest: *gain*	29

If any conclusions may be drawn from these figures

WHILE THE WORLD WAITS

THE BEAR: "Now, sir, a supreme effort You are my last and greatest hope, and the world is watching you"



A Wise Prelate

THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE: "Come, come, sir, more tolerance and less cant, and you'll be more popular"

Overheard in the West End

"Dear me, I had no idea they played it there"

it is that Tariff Reform has suffered by having been introduced at an inopportune moment. Had Mr. Chamberlain waited until his Party was in Opposition, it is quite possible he would have gained a majority by the following General Election. As it is, the political outlook would seem to be that the Liberals are certain of a solid majority when the General Election takes place. Later on, owing to the manner in which Mr. Chamberlain has recently seemed to subordinate his policy to the tactics of Mr. Balfour, it looks as though the present Premier will again dictate the Unionist policy, unless Mr. Chamberlain takes a strong line. If this prove the case, since the champion of Protection is but mortal, it looks as if his proposals will be relegated to the ranks of discarded policies.

* * *

The address of the Bishop of Carlisle to the Young Men's Christian Association on the subject of tolerance, was a wise and manly one. The efforts of the Y.M.C.A. have always been laudable and high-minded, but their methods have often defeated the very object which they seek. The average member of the Y.M.C.A. is a young man of undoubted respectability, as the middle classes regard the word. That is to say, he is a regular attendant at church, more often than not conducts a Bible class, and carries about with him an air of sanctity and superiority which daunts the sinner who has boldness enough to enter within the sacred precincts of the local Y.M.C.A.'s club-house. But the Y.M.C.A. was not originally formed just to provide a refuge for the unworldly. Its object was to lure young men from the attractions of the streets, and the sweet young thing at the refreshment bar, by providing counter attractions. Yet, at a

A Rumour Denied

There was recently put up for auction at Stevens's, a brank, a kind of gag used in olden days to bridle naggling wives, and women who talked too much. We hereby emphatically deny the mischievous report that Sir Carne Rasch bought it to put on the member for Peckham (Sir F. Banbury)

Non Sequitur

THAT GREAT SIMPLETON, THE BRITISH PUBLIC: "I suppose now the extra duty is off, tea will be cheaper?"

THAT GREAT BUSINESS MAN, THE TEA DEALER: "No, indeed, madame. The price of tea *never* goes down—its motto is 'Excelsior'"

Y.M.C.A., a stronger stimulant than tea or ginger beer cannot be obtained, billiards are regarded with disfavour, and smoking, as a general thing, is strongly discouraged. There is, it is true, usually a debating society, but even then, matters dealing with our social requirements, or, in other words, politics, are strongly tabooed. It seems to most people, therefore, that the Y.M.C.A., though it grows and prospers, is too eminently respectable and proper in it methods to appeal to the imperfect young men it should really help. The Bishop's address is thus well-timed, and we hope it will lead to some alteration of the present Spartan régime.

* * *

The worst of taxes on commodities is, that they eventually tend to the benefit of a third party. For instance, when the tax on tea was increased twopence per pound, the public not only had to pay the extra twopence, but obtained, in most instances, an inferior blend for their money. Now Mr. Austen Chamberlain has taken the twopence off, some simple-minded persons will suppose they will get their tea for that amount less. But not a bit of it. If they get half of it back they may consider themselves fortunate. The balance will go to recompense the tea importer for the anxiety and trouble of having had to collect the extra twopence for the past couple of years

* * *

Apropos of trade a London reader writes as follows:

Cannot something be done to check the dishonesty (I can use no other word) and rapacity of the average small tradesman? My experience of them is, that they rely on the pettiness of their bills to add small sums which they think will escape the vigilance of the mistress of the house. Personally, I run no credit beyond a week, so I can check the items without trouble, and it is surprising to see the way in which the butcher, the baker, and the milkman all manage to inflate their bills with goods I have never had. You may say—as they do—that they are mistakes, but it is very curious that the "mistakes" should be always to the prejudice of the customer. At the risk of having this epistle thrown into the editorial w.p.b. I must give you an instance. Every week I found my baker's bill increased by one or two loaves, which I was sure had not been ordered. However, I said nothing, but kept a closer record. The same thing again happened, so I went to the shop and complained. They were very polite, apologised, and took out the wrong items. A week later, I was again surcharged, and again complained. This time the young woman cashier said the mistake was due to the carelessness of their assistant, who called with the bread. A little later a similar mistake once more occurring, I taxed the baker's man with it. "I'm very sorry, madame," he replied, "but I can't help it. My books are right, but they are always altering them in the office. Lots of my customers have complained like yourself."

I ask you, in these circumstances, whether my use of the word "dishonesty," at the beginning of this letter, be not justified, and what one can do to put a stop to this practice, which seems to be growing?

Really, we hardly know how to reply to our correspondent. Perhaps her's is an isolated instance, for one can hardly believe that honest tradespeople, with reputations to keep up, would resort to such mean practices. If it is at all a widespread practice, it explains why some tradesmen are so anxious to give their customers credit. In this case, we would suggest to our correspondent that she change her baker, in the hopes of finding one more honourable in his dealings.

Photo by **The Royal Travelling Lounge at the Coliseum** *Campbell-Gray*

This beautifully fitted lounge, propelled by electricity, and reserved for Royalty, runs along the foyer from the street entrance to the Royal box. When the King visited the Coliseum recently, an amusing *contretemps* arose. The lounge, which had been so carefully prepared for his Majesty, refused to move. The King, with his usual tact, smiled and said he would as soon walk

PEOPLE OF THE HOUR

Miss Gordon and Her Famous Chows

Miss Armyne Evelyn Gordon, who is such a well-known expert in "doggy" matters, is the daughter of Lord Granville Gordon, and niece to the Marquis of Huntly. From her childhood, she has always been interested in dogs, and especially in Chows, showing her first when she was only fourteen. In the following year, Miss Gordon judged the Chows at the show held in the old Westminster Aquarium. The late Lady Granville Gordon bred many of these expensive dogs, and at her death, in 1902, Miss Gordon took over her mother's famous kennel of Chows. The dog shown in our illustration is six years old, and is a well-known prizewinner. Its sire is now thirteen years of age, and is, perhaps, the finest specimen of his breed in existence. In the course of his career, he has taken seventy-two first and special prizes.

Photo by *K. Pragnell*

Miss Armyne Gordon

With her champion Chow, which has won fifteen prizes, including the twenty-five guinea cup at the Manchester Show two years ago

Mr. H. M. Rigby

Mr. Hugh Mallinson Rigby, who has just been appointed Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the Prince of Wales, has served a strenuous apprenticeship to his profession, as his duties at the London Hospital, the East Ham Hospital, and the Poplar Hospital for Accidents, must have brought him in contact with the poorest and seamiest side of life. He is a devotee of his noble calling, and clever articles from his pen have appeared at different times in the *Lancet*. One of them, called "Modern Military Bullets—a Study of their Destructive Effects," is, perhaps, the most interesting to those outside the medical profession.

The Hon. Alexander Nelson Hood

The Hon. Alexander Nelson Hood is the second brother of Lord Bridport, and has been Private Secretary to the Princess of Wales since 1901. He

Photo by *Thomson*

Mr. Hugh Mallinson Rigby

Who has just been appointed Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the Prince of Wales

Photo by *Agnes Jennings*

The Hon. Alex. Nelson Hood

Private secretary to the Princess of Wales

Indian Earthquake Felt in the Isle of Wight

has retained her Royal Highness's favour for many years, as he was previously Controller of the Household and Equerry to Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck. He belongs to a family noted for its loyalty, as the late venerable Lord Bridport, whose death, at the age of ninety, took place last year, served Queen Victoria throughout her long reign with a whole-hearted devotion which she rewarded with her deep regard and implicit confidence. Through the marriage of the second Lord Bridport with Mary, heiress of the first Earl Nelson, the family trace a descent from the Hero of Trafalgar, a fact proudly commemorated at the christenings of all the sons of the house.

Photo by *Hughes and Mullins*

Professor Milne and his Japanese wife

Professor Milne is the noted seismologist, whose instrument, in the Isle of Wight, registered the terrible earthquake in India

Professor Milne

Exciting and amazing, indeed, has been the life of Professor Milne, the eminent seismologist, who, after having travelled all over the world, has now settled down in one of the smallest of the very small villages in the Isle of Wight. Not much of a place, is Shide, but upon certain occasions it is invaded by journalists, scientists, and sages of all descriptions—for, in Professor Milne's garden, is a coach-house that contains the Seismograph, that most sensitive and weird of instruments, which announced the news of the Lahore earthquake ere the news of that appalling catastrophe reached London. And it never fails. It enables the Professor to state the precise whereabouts of an earthquake in any part of the world, and also the hour at which it occurred. And at the present moment it is faithfully performing its mission in forty towns all over the globe.

It was in Japan that Professor Milne conceived his invention. Professor at the Tokio University, where he held the chair of Seismology, he received every encouragement from the brilliantly intelligent Japanese. Both the Mikado and the Government were deeply interested in his experiments. And he soon found an invaluable assistant in Shinobo Hirota, who followed him to Europe, and is known on the island as "Mr. Snow." In Japan, too, the Professor married a gracious and charming Japanese, who does the honours of his house at picturesque little Shide. Needless to say, it is crammed with Japanese souvenirs; and constantly is the Professor in communication with the land of his wife—for in Japan, earthquakes of some kind or another happen two or three times a day, and the admirable, punctilious Seismograph records them most faithfully.

Kindliest and most hospitable of men is the Professor, and with that simplicity which characterises all men of real genius. And his kindliness and hospitality have been put to the test constantly lately—for the Lahore earthquake set scores of visitors hastening to his garden and coachhouse, and, as at the time of the Martinique eruption, the Professor was distracted to find strangers invading his domains from all sides.

Dr. Walker

All old Paulines will hear with regret of the approaching resignation of the High Master of St. Paul's School. Near thirty years' work at Dean Colet's famous foundation has procured him the respect and gratitude of several thousand pupils, many of whom date the beginning of their success from the time when their innate capabilities were discovered and brought out by Dr. Walker, than whom, perhaps, no one living has such unerring judgment in finding out a boy's capacity, and in teaching him to make the fullest use of his talents.

The marvellous system of education by which Dr. Walker has raised St. Paul's to the topmost pinnacle of success, viewed from the point of University honours, is no less exemplified in the case of his own career.

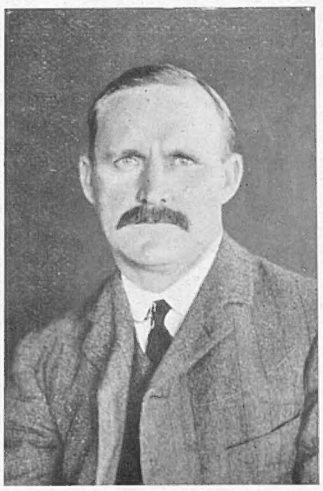
Born in 1830, he was educated at Rugby and Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he gained a first class in Classics and a second class in Mathematics; other honours followed in quick succession; he was in turn Boden Sanscrit Scholar, Vinerian Law Scholar, and Tancred Law Scholar; was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, and later was elected to a fellowship in his old college. From 1859 to 1876 he was High Master of Manchester Grammar School, since when he has held the same position at St. Paul's, both under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral and at the present new buildings at Hammersmith.

Can you play Chopin's "Study in Thirds"?

Photo by *Russell*

Dr. Walker

High Master of St. Paul's School, who is just about to retire



Copyright *C. B. Fry's Mag.*

J. H. Taylor

The famous golf professional, of whom an appreciation will be found in our Golf Notes, page 134

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

The Rt. Hon. Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane

Who, as "The Governor" of I. Zingari, was recently presented with a portrait of himself, painted by Mr. S. Johnstone Douglas

It is to be hoped that Dr. Walker will no longer confine his literary work to articles on philology in the *Classical Review*, but that he will spare some time from his well-earned leisure to give others the benefit of his unique experience and wonderful ability in the organisation and advancement of sound classical learning.

Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane

An interesting ceremony took place on March 21, when Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, as "The Governor" of I. Zingari, was presented with a portrait of himself, painted by Mr. S. Johnstone Douglas. The presentation was made at the artist's studio in Chelsea, by the committee of I. Zingari, and reference was made in affectionate terms to Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane's long association with the club. It is hoped that the portrait will be accepted by the selection committee at Burlington House.

Photo by **Mrs. Clifford Cory** [*Mendelssohn*

An amateur pianist who ranks, as an *executante*, with the leading professionals. Mrs. Cory's repertoire includes Chopin's "Study in Thirds," which has been mastered by only twelve professionals

Mrs. Clifford Cory

Gifted with good looks and a striking personality, Mrs. Cory is one of the most brilliant musicians in Society, her musical tastes being shared by her sister, Lady Carew. Unfortunately Mrs. Cory seldom plays in public, her appearance among those who lent their services to the concert held at Stafford House last week in aid of the Oxygen Hospital being quite an exception; in fact, she suffers

Two Distinguished Diplomats

Photo by Thomson
Countess de Lalaing

solid testimony to his popularity. His charm is evident directly one comes into contact with him. His mother was an Englishwoman, and the Count was educated partly in England. He talks English, it need scarcely be said, without the suspicion of an accent, and he speaks French and German with equal fluency. The Minister for Belgium was formerly in London as Secretary of Legation, his previous post being at Berne, as Minister. The Countess de Lalaing was lately received by the Queen and the Princess of Wales. She is a daughter of the Grand Master of Ceremonies at the Dutch Court, a very pretty and attractive woman, and very fond of music, especially of the classical order. She has been in ill-health for some years, so that, although Count Lalaing presented his letters to King Edward over a year ago as Belgian Envoy, he has only lately had the pleasure of being joined by the Countess, whose friends are, indeed, pleased to see her once more able to bear the fatigues of the social duties consequent on her position.

Photo by Thomson
Count de Lalaing
Belgian Minister in London

from being an amateur, as otherwise she would unquestionably rank with the great professionals of the day. Her repertoire includes Chopin's "Study in Thirds," which only twelve professionals have mastered! She plays, too, weird Hungarian music, acquired in the following way: She heard it played in Paris by a Hungarian professor, who informed her it was his own arrangement of "folk songs," added to an imitation of Hungarian bands (the instruments of which are played with hammers). The professor remarked that it would be impossible to write down such changeable, unconventional music, nor could it be learnt by ear. But, after hearing it a few times, Mrs. Cory, to his astonishment, played the piece note for note as he did!

Count and Countess de Lalaing

Among the Diplomatic Corps in London there is no one more popular than the Count de Lalaing and, one may add, the Countess. His Excellency has recently been caricatured in *Vanity Fair*, which is

Photo by Vandyk
Raja Nuprabandh Phya
Siamese Minister in London

The Siamese Envoy Extraordinary

The success in London of the recent Siamese loan must be largely attributed to the ability and tact of His Excellency Raja Nuprabandh Phya, who was appointed as Siamese Minister to the Court of St. James some months ago. The Siamese Minister to London has also to include Belgium and Holland in his bailiwick. Raja Phya is a good specimen of the educated Siamese. He speaks English fluently, and is a member of the Travellers, and St. James's Clubs. When in Tokio, representing his Government, he was very popular, and was decorated by the Mikado with the first class of the Sacred Treasure of Japan, an Order which corresponds with our Order of the Garter.

Jobmaster—Policeman—Baronet

"The Cabman Baronet"

That a baronet should have worked for his living "by the sweat of his brow," as the phrase has it, seems to have vastly interested a large horde of reporters, who seem to think it unnatural for a man with a handle to his name to do anything else but look ornamental on the benches in the House of Commons. Sir George Augustus Jervis Meredyth succeeded his cousin, the tenth baronet, who died last October, leaving two daughters. The succession to the title is through the male branch, so the new baronet, with his second wife, came to England from Hobart, where he was originally a policeman, and later, a jobmaster in a small way. He is seventy-three years of age, and has not hitherto lived on the fat of the land, but in County Kildare there is a little estate which brings in £400 a year, and anyone who has been to see George Bernard Shaw's inimitable comedy, "John Bull's Other Island," knows that an income which may seem in England to be only one degree removed from abject poverty is, in parts of Ireland, looked on as opulence.

Photo by *Park*

Sir George Meredyth

"The Cabman Baronet," who has just arrived in England to take up his position and estate

Apropos of Sir George Meredyth's succession, the question arises: Which is better for the tenantry—a landlord who has a small income, and lives among his people, or a nobleman with thousands of acres, and a huge rent roll, who is nearly always an absentee?

A Veteran of the Chase

One of the most interesting hunt meets of the season (to town dwellers, at least) was that held recently by the Surrey Union Foxhounds at Ashstead, in honour of Mr. Haseman's last ride to hounds after sixty years in the saddle. The day of the meet was Mr. Haseman's eighty-first birthday, and this was turned into a "double event," so to speak, by the present Master of the Surrey Union also celebrating his birthday on that date. One of Mr. Haseman's proud boasts is that he has almost invariably been in "at the death." One can imagine the good-natured sarcasm with which the octogenarian hunt-follower greets the "too old at forty" cry, and drowns it with a vigorous "Halloo," which is the result of sixty years' practice.

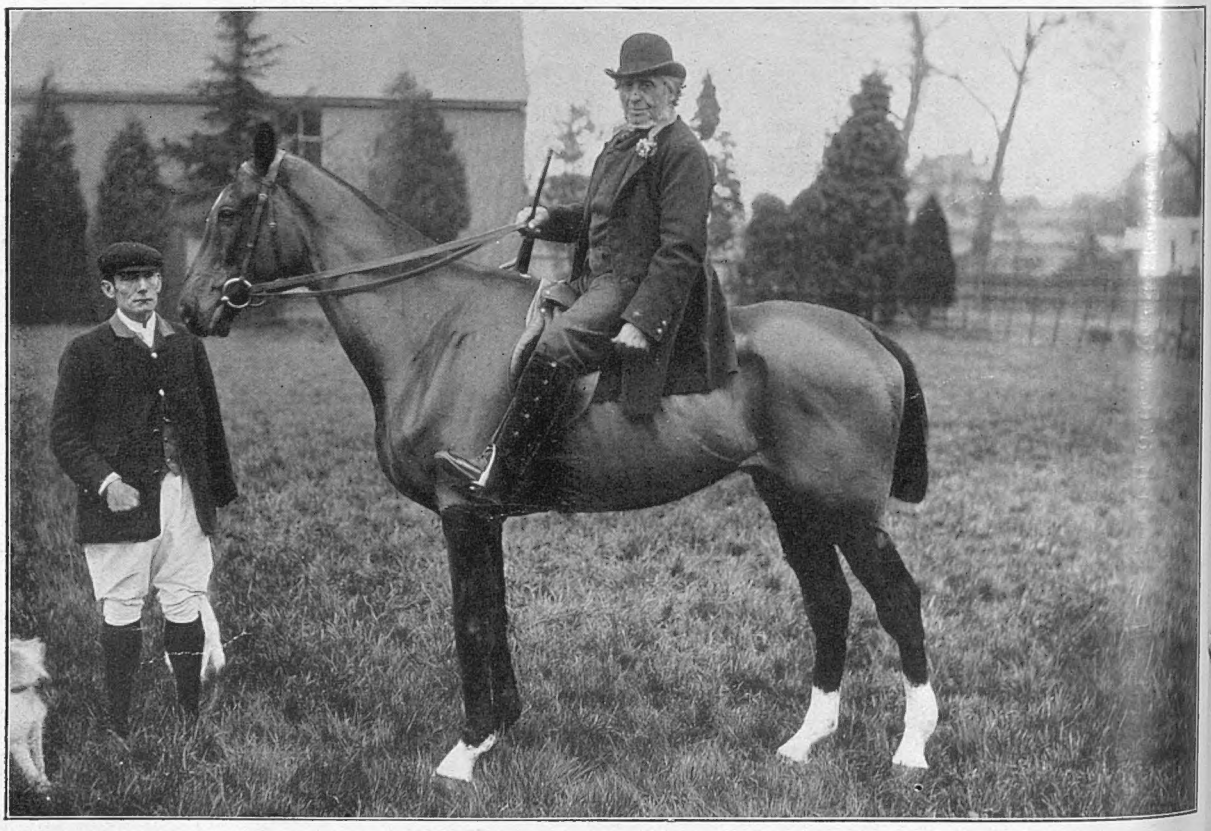


Photo by *Mills*

Mr. Haseman, who retired on his eighty-first birthday, after being an active follower of hounds for sixty years

A Player of Power

Photo by *Garet Charles*

Miss Muriel Wylford

Who has lately been engaged in negotiations for a season at a West End theatre. Miss Wylford, it will be recalled, made a very favourable impression in Mr. Somerset Maugham's powerful play, *A Man of Honour*, which was produced at the Avenue Theatre the early part of last year

Random Jottings

"Roj"

Probably Admiral Rodjestvensky will never realise how much he owes to the unknown benefactor who first thought of diminishing his name to "Roj." Diminutives may not always indicate respect, but they conduce to popularity. As Roj—plus three syllables largely composed of consonants — it was impossible for the Admiral to be popular in this country. Apart from the Dogger Bank incident, we could not like him.

The Drawbacks of a Name

Writers spent time and breath trying to draw his name; printers wasted tissue trying to find out what the drawings meant, and then wasted more tissue making quite a different spelling of the matter; naval experts found they had no space left for anticipating what the Admiral's plans were, once they had written out his name in full. Even ladies, who would have liked to express their sympathy for him, on the ground that the sea disagreed with them too, hesitated to pronounce it.

A Russian Kitchener

With "Roj" it is different. Anyone who will take the trouble to consult the papers of the last few days will see that the Admiral has come into favour. He has been described as the Russian Kitchener (why Kitchener?); aphorisms singularly like Captain Mahan's have been attributed to him; Nelson's tactics have ever been — we are informed — his tactics. As for those weeds and molluscs clinging to his ship's hulls—they merely indicate that "Roj" has brought his ships a long way with a good deal of skill, and they will help, no doubt, to keep off the Japanese explosives. O, tempora! O, halfpenny Press!

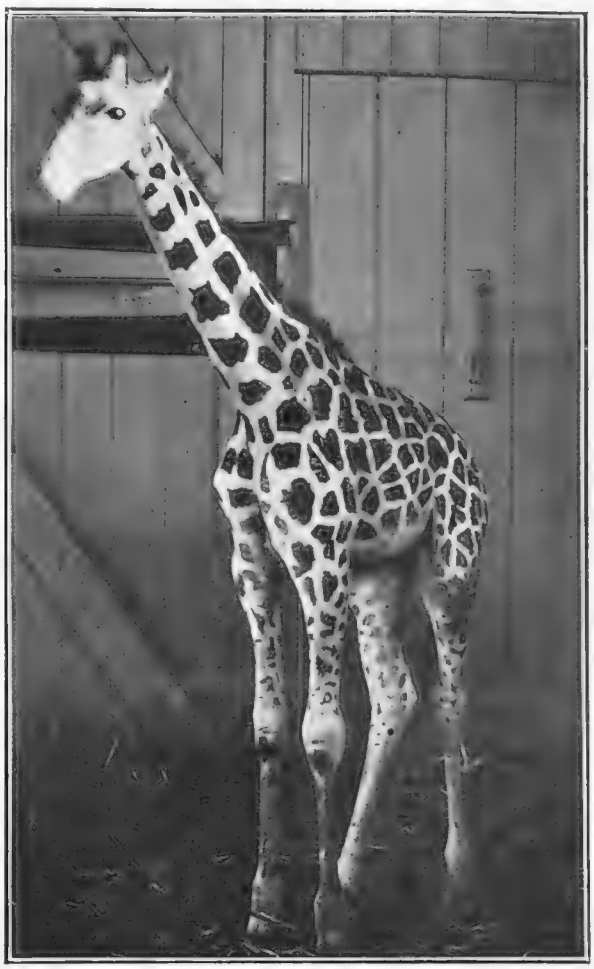


Photo by *Advance Agency*

The new baby giraffe at the Zoo

The new-comer is but a year old, and is only nine feet high. It is the first representative sent to the Gardens from West Africa, the present inmates of the giraffe family hailing from South Africa. The new giraffe was presented by Captain Phillips, and had an adventurous journey from the far hinterland to the coast in a canoe

The Exchange of Names

It must be confessed that if we are fond of appropriating foreign names for purposes of describing homely things (*e.g.*, the Cornish coast has lately—somewhat to the astonishment of its inhabitants — been turned into the English Riviera, and Anglo-Saxon Mentones keep on cropping up on the somewhat bleak coast of Suffolk)—if we borrow such titles readily, it must be allowed that we lend them without demur. The Russian Admiral, as the Kitchener of his nation, is a case in point. Admiral Togo has long, of course, been the Nelson of Japan. The contest between these great men will be watched with profound interest, the more so as only one result of the battle can be forecast with certainty—and that is that, whatever happens in it, it will undoubtedly be called the Far Eastern Trafalgar.

The L.C.C.'s Doubts

The L.C.C. is still divided in its mind as to whether it will settle into a Palace or a Hotel. Everyone sees that nothing short of a Palace will enable councillors really to feel at home, but, on the other hand, a Hotel would be cheaper for the ratepayer. It seems a simple suggestion to make, but could not the Council fix on the Hotel and re-name it a Palace? It would be quite legal.

A Superstition Verified

Those who believe that odd numbers are unlucky will find ample confirmation in an event which has just occurred in Ireland. "A woman" (we are indebted to the *Express* for our information) "has been fined at Milford, Co. Donegal, for keeping eleven pigs in her

dwelling-house." Liberals are saying, however, that, odd numbers or not, such a penalty would never have been inflicted upon a poor woman had Ireland but been granted Home Rule. Or, at any rate, the poor woman would not have paid it.

A Reform in Need

When a Borough Council does institute a reform, the fact is rarely kept dark. The papers have been ringing of late with the news that the tearing-up-of-streets nuisance is to be reduced, as the Borough Councils have decided to co-operate—with the gas and water and other companies that delight in making holes—in order that a given street may not be torn up six times in the course of a year if once will do.

Palace of Peace in Dutch territory, but even we, never supposed that the civilised nations would begin to fight for the site before the Palace was built. However, the Kaiser may have his attention turned to something else before he begins Armageddon on this account. And Mr. Carnegie might delay building.

The Kaiser On Us

It is, of course, the weakness of our military position that encourages these warlike dreams of the Kaiser's. He shares Mr. Arnold-Forster's opinion of the Volunteers and Militia, and it is whispered that he also shares the Volunteer's and Militia's opinion of Mr. Arnold-Forster. Consequently, he thinks us an easy prey, once he is past the Fleet.

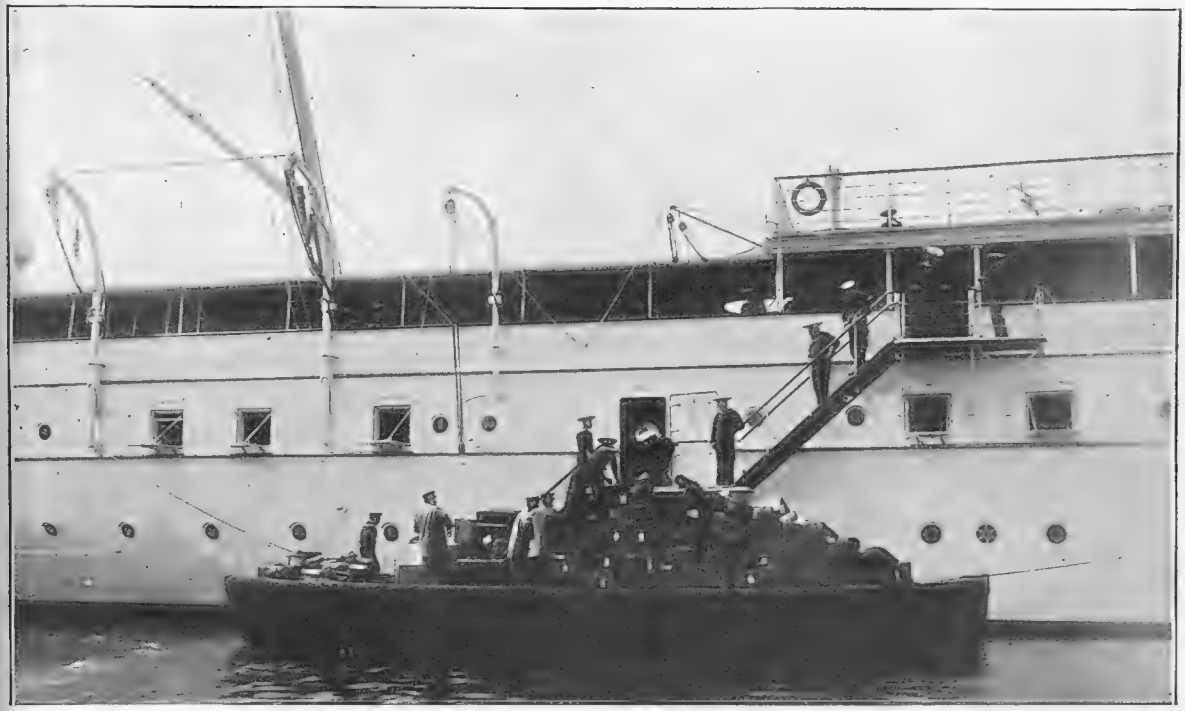


Photo by] **The Kaiser on a Holiday: The Royal luggage being taken aboard the "Hohenzollern"** [*Abeniacar*

The Spring tour of the German Emperor is being followed with the greatest interest, from the fact that he has been combining politics with pleasure. As is well known, the Kaiser is very punctilious in the matter of dress, and on his journeys, he provides for every contingency by carrying some scores of uniforms with him. This accounts for the large bulk seen in our illustration

A Reform Indeed

The first-fruits of this co-operation comes in the form of a Paving Programme, set forth by the Westminster Council. It announces that repaving has already begun, and will go on till October 21. Some people will regard this as a good long time for the streets to be up. But, after all, it comes to six months only. For half the year, the ratepayer and others will be able to tread the streets of Westminster in the sure knowledge that they will not meet their deaths by falling into pits or chasms by the way. It is always pleasant to be able to eliminate possible dangers from our daily path.

The Struggle for Peace

What the Kaiser really has in his eye—says a contemporary (but in rather more elegant language)—is the absorption of Holland, and this is what England must prevent. We were always a little sceptical as to the advantages that would ensue from Mr. Carnegie's offer to erect the

Frontiersmen

The Kaiser is welcome to his opinion. We know better. The Volunteers and Militia may be but moderate weapons of defence, but in the last week a new force has arisen. "The Legion of Frontiersmen" (exclusively announced by the *Daily Express*), has now to be reckoned with. In a sense, no doubt, the Frontiersmen will be Volunteers, but instead of being subsidised, they will—it is thought—pay a subscription for the honour of belonging to the Legion. This is the right spirit. But why Frontiersmen—in a country that is unique for having no frontiers?

Famous Wrestlers

It is rumoured that Mr. Chamberlain has issued a challenge to Mr. Balfour to meet him in the Catch-as Catch-Can style. Hitherto, Mr. Chamberlain has been handicapped by conforming to the rules of Jiu-jitsu, in which style—naturally (since it is one of deadlocks)—Mr. Balfour has shown himself the master. Should the new challenge be accepted, an interesting set of bouts may be expected.

The World of Entertainment

Easter Programmes

Easter is always a time of rejoicing for the playgoer. Old friends, too long absent from the London stage, return to town, managers put forward their most tempting wares for the opening season (in its social sense), and there is a general air of eager expectancy. Whatever be the outcome of these preparations for gaiety, Sir Henry Irving should be assured of a bumper season at Drury Lane. Everyone will rush to renew their associations with that wonderful gallery of characters upon which the foremost English actor has impressed his marvellous individuality. *Louis XI.*, *Becket*, *Matthias*, we shall be seeing them for the last time. The young generation, in whose dramatic memories there are gaps, will hasten to fill them in. A farewell season! There will be no little sadness, mingled with the welcome, which, in a few days, awaits Sir Henry Irving.

American Plays in London

Much of the interest which has been aroused by the forthcoming productions at Easter, has been centred on *Leah Kleschna*, which will be seen at the New Theatre, and *Her Own Way*, with which Miss Maxine Elliott will open her season at the Lyric Theatre. Both plays, the one a powerful drama, the other a comedy of American life, handled in characteristic fashion by Mr. Clyde Fitch, have met with great success in their own country. It is to be hoped that Mr. Clyde Fitch, especially, will break the run of poor luck which has attended the production of his plays in London. He is a prophet who has been received, so far, with more honour in his own than in other countries. I hold no brief for Mr. Clyde Fitch, but I am inclined to think that the reason that his success has been only partial is due not so much to his limitations as a playwright as to the conservative front which a British audience so often presents to an author dealing with a life with which they are not familiar. Mr. Fitch is a faithful chronicler of contemporary American life. In this respect, he fulfils the same functions, and is on a plane with modern French dramatists. His plays are distinguished by just those little touches which can only be filled in by one who is a thorough master of his subject. Many people who proudly declare that the drama is of no nationality are so inconsistent as to treat with scant respect any phase of life upon the stage which does not fall within their own province. If they judged Mr. Fitch less by British standards and more by the laws which know no particular country, they would find in his plays a fund of humour and observation which would entertain them, and at the same time justify the high position which Mr. Fitch occupies among the dramatists of his own country.

The Thirst for Realism

PLAINTIVE VOICE FROM THE GOD : "O blow, he's missed her!"

Magic at the Alhambra

It has often been remarked that this is an age of specialists. In the world of entertainment, certainly, an artist is forced, whether he like it or no, to keep to his own line. He may have dreams of triumphs in other spheres, but the public is inexorable. Thus it has come about that comedians have wept at a fate which places tragic rôles beyond their grasp, and tragedians have dreamed of a house rocking with laughter. For the very reason that a man has neither the time nor the opportunity for enlarging his horizon in art, there is a cry of welcome amazement when there arises one who is Master, as well as Jack, of a number of Trades.

Of the Protean performers on the variety stage the palm must certainly be awarded to Sylvester Schäffer, now appearing at the Alhambra. He stands in the same relation to his brother artists as Henry de Vries to his brother actors. He has cultivated versatility as a fine art. For an hour this young Austrian holds the boards, and provides a portion of the programme which is usually sliced among a dozen performers. Nothing comes to him amiss, from card and coin manipulating to landscape painting; from ancient to modern juggling; from expert shooting to impersonations of Paganini and Sarasate. He is certainly a wonder-worker of the first order, and should cast upon the audiences at the Alhambra the spell equal to the one he exerts upon the merry-makers at the Folies Bergère.

E. C. S.

"THE OFFICERS' MESS"

The new musical comedy produced on Monday, for a week only, at Terry's Theatre, calls for no particular comment. Written by Mr. Cyril Hurst, and composed by Mr. Mark Strong, it avowedly was born to breathe the pure air of the provinces, and its life in London was intended to be brief. Its organism is all suited to the *blasé* atmosphere of the metropolis, and this, which at first seemed a fault, may possibly be its merit. We wish its simple humours a long and happy country life, and the rest may well be kindly silence.

Where Shall We Go To-Night?

"The Bystander" Theatre Guide

Adelphi Theatre, at 8: *Hamlet.*—The triumph of H. B. Irving.

Shaftesbury Theatre, at 8: *Othello.*—Miss Tita Brand and a capable company.

Haymarket Theatre, at 8.25: *A Case of Arson.* At 9.25: *Everybody's Secret.*—Sweet domesticity. Young parents, golden-haired child, etc.

Wyndham's Theatre, at 8.45: *Mr. Hopkinson.*—Outrageous caricature and most amusing.

New Theatre, at 8.15: *The Scarlet Pimpernel.*—Last nights. Look out for *Leah Kleschna.*

Garrick Theatre, at 8.30: *The Walls of Jericho.*—Going for the record run.

Duke of York's Theatre, at 8.25: *Pantaloon.* At 9: *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire.*—First, indifferent. Second, a new instalment of delightful "Barrie-isms."

Court Theatre.—Constant Change of Bill. Can chance the play—sure to be good.

Savoy Theatre, at 8.15: *Du Barri.*—Play indifferent, but a gorgeous production.

Apollo Theatre, at 8.15: *Veronique.*—The reigning queen of comic operas.

Musical comedies at Lyric, Gaiety, Prince of Wales'. Take them in order.

Miss Maxine Elliott

Who opens her season at the Lyric Theatre on Easter Monday with the American comedy, *Her Own Way*

Miss Maxine Elliott's Forthcoming Season at the Lyric Theatre: The Nursery Scene in "Her Own Way"

Little Girl: "Don't hold your hands so high"
Little Boy: "Yes, you'll only catch auntie as high as that"

[*Once again the nursery is to be seen upon the stage. Mr. Clyde Fitch, the American dramatist, in the above blind man's buff scene, makes the children the unconscious mouthpieces of his plot, the idea being that they reveal the sentiments which their elders entertain for each other*]

CONCERNING LORD KELVIN

(NO. 72 OF THE SERIES)

The recital of a few of the distinctions that have come Lord Kelvin's way should serve to remind us that it is not necessarily a handicap to a man to have, as he had, a Professor of Mathematics for a father. Most of us, in such a situation, would have followed the rule of academic households, and taken to billiard-marking or crossing-sweeping: but this eighty-first year of the son of James Thomson, LL.D., Professor of Mathematics at Belfast, finds him, too, an LL.D. of Cambridge, Dublin, Edinburgh, and Montreal; a D.C.L. of Oxford; a Member of King Edward's Order of Merit, and a colleague of Nogi and Stoessel in the membership of the Kaiser's; a Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order; a Privy Councillor; a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, and Associate of the Academy of France; a Commander of the Order of Leopold; a Member of the Order of the Sacred Treasure of Japan; a past president of the Royal Society, the *British* Association, and many other learned institutions; and so forth.

Also he is an M.D., of Heidelberg's making. Few people knew this until the fact was elicited in the course of his evidence in a certain case, not unconnected with electric belts. Lord Kelvin's own account of the matter is that Heidelberg desired to confer on him some degree that he did not already hold from some other University: and that, on going into the matter carefully, it was found that M.D. was the only such distinction.

His career has been very wonderful. And yet, when one comes to think of it, how many people who make use of the Atlantic cable nowadays, know that it was Professor Thomson whose ingenuity made that enormous enterprise possible, and whose strength of purpose, undaunted by the failure of the cable of 1858, worked on to final linking together of the continents in 1866? It was the mirror galvanometer and the siphon recorder that made submarine telegraphy feasible. It was the mariner's compass and the sounding machine that revolutionised navigation. It is the new electric timing apparatus that bids fair to introduce an element of scientific accuracy into that erratic thing, police evidence in motor-car cases. And all these devices are due to the inventive genius of the great mathematician and physicist who was made the first Baron Kelvin of Largs in 1892.

We common men, who stand without the circle of the Royal Society, are most impressed by such practical achievements of science as these: but among *savants* Lord Kelvin's reputation as a pure mathematician and student of natural philosophy stands much higher than his fame as an instrument-maker. It was he who, in the earlier years of that Glasgow Professorship which he held for more than half a century, finally established the doctrine of the conservation of energy; following it up by the demonstration of the yet more startling theory of the dissipation of energy through space. It is some consolation, however, to know that he promises us another ten million years of life before the sun grows too cool.

In 1896, the assembly at Glasgow in honour of Lord Kelvin's jubilee was no doubt the most brilliant company of men of intellect that ever did homage to scientific genius. His simple, kind and magnanimous character had much, perhaps, to do with this. He believes in a directive purpose in the world, and has fought the battles of that belief: but, as Huxley said of him after a famous controversy, "Gentler knight never broke lance."

AN ODE TO MENDICITY

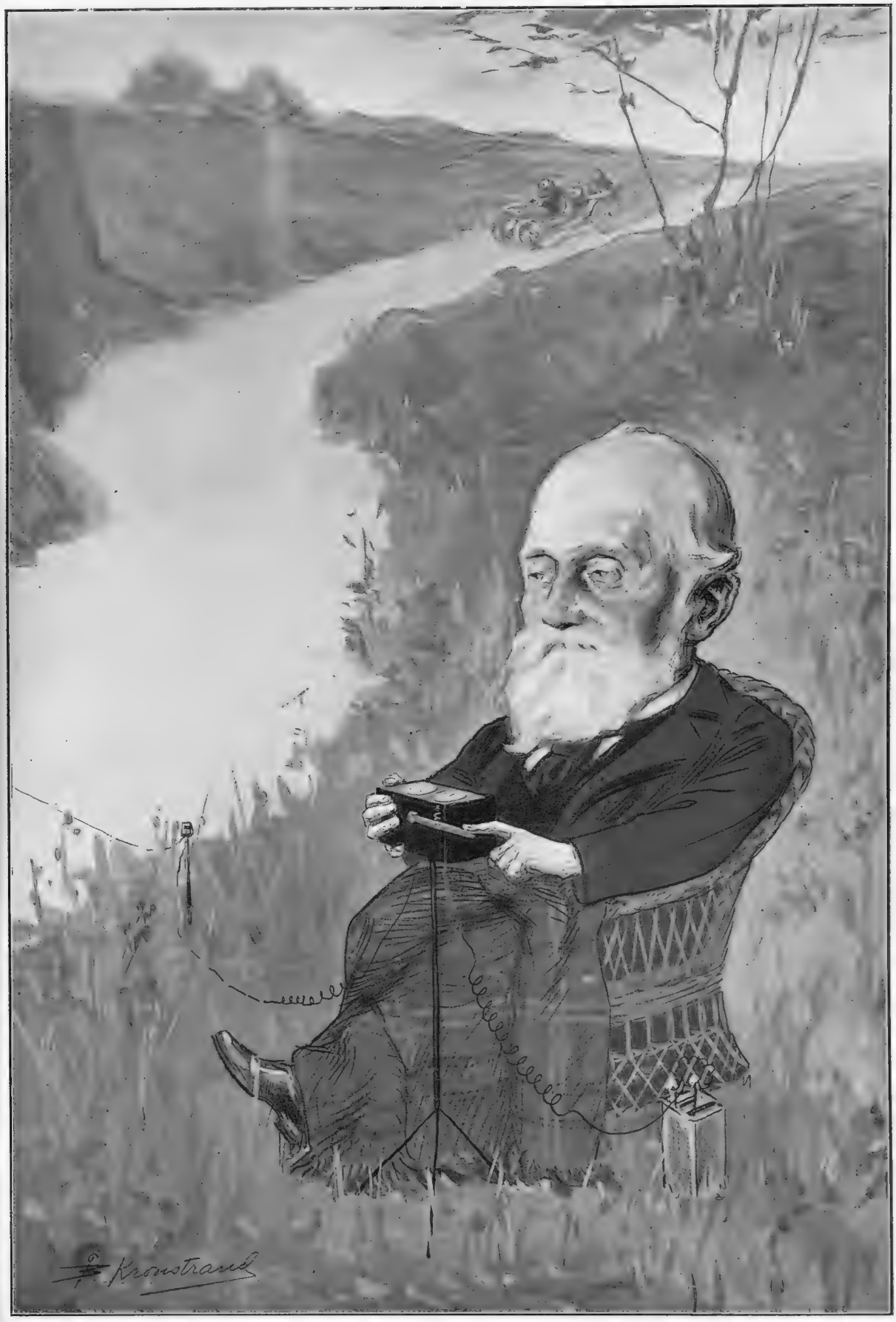
[*At the Annual Meeting of the London Mendicity Society recently, Mr. Robert Pierpoint, M.P., stated that the number of street beggars was increasing every year, and it was now said, and, he believed, with justice, that many men made a better living by begging than if they did an honest day's work.*]

Why should we spend our time like fools
  In vain and weary striving,
Poised upon inky office stools
  Incessantly quill-driving?
A prey to dulness, dust and damp,
  We die by easy stages,
And suffer agonies of cramp
  For very little wages.

Some may be pleased to tolerate
  Conditions so enchaining,—
And some may be content to wait
  And suffer, uncomplaining.
But I perceive a better plan,
  And mean to profit by it,
And any enterprising man
  Might well do worse than try it.

To yarn and sell a lace or two,
  On a profitable pitch,
Is all a wise man need to do
  In order to grow rich!
From want and pinching poverty
  The proceeds would release us,
And each of us might come to be
  A kind of local Crœsus.

Lo! what a prospect opens out
  Of coming wealth before us,
We only have to stand about
  And cry our woes in chorus.
Oh, hasten then to put away
  The emblems of our sorrow,
The drudgery of yesterday
  Shall be no more to-morrow.



The G.O.M. of Science

DRAWN BY B. KRONSTRAND

MR. BIFF'S TRAVELS WITH A GUIDE-BOOK

PICTURED IN WEEKLY CHAPTERS BY LAWSON WOOD

Chapter IX.—SHIPWRECKED IN THE CHINA SEA

"Why, the Guide-Book says this water is literally swarming with sharks!"

MR. BIFF'S TRAVELS WITH A GUIDE-BOOK

PICTURED IN WEEKLY CHAPTERS BY LAWSON WOOD

Chapter X.—AFTER THREE MONTHS ON A DESERT ISLAND

"I hope the modern Man Friday isn't a cannibal"

More Pages from a Premier's Diary

MONDAY

Finding it too wet for golf, and being unable to think of anything else to do, thought would look in at House for a few minutes. Found several of our party present, though cannot think why, as had supposed that it was understood by now that House was only fit for Radical persons. Of course, Churchill was on his feet. Have often wondered, by the way, what he would look like sitting down. Took usual seat on Front Bench, then noticed sitting next to me person whose face could not recall. Presumed he was some new man, as rather fancy that there has been bye—or was it general?—election lately. Supposed stranger was as yet ignorant of rules of House, so told him as genially as possible that private members were not supposed to sit on Front Bench. He then explained he was Irish Secretary—name of Long. This must, surely, be the man about whom Akers-Douglas was telling me. He seems quite a pleasant person to talk to. Told me he had been at Local Government Board before taking up Irish work, but new office offers greatly increased remuneration. "Dear me," could not help exclaiming on hearing latter fact, "how is it I didn't give berth to one of my own family?"

TUESDAY

This morning had most novel experience. Found newspaper on plate at breakfast. First thing encountered was article about Radicals. Funny that anyone should take trouble to write article about Radicals. Writer observed that next Liberal Government would be most promising of modern times. This struck me as most unfair observation. *We*, surely, are the most promising Government of modern—or any other—times. Why, I can't think of anything that we haven't promised. Came across advertisement offering supply of red herrings daily from Yarmouth or somewhere. Marked this, and addressed paper to Chamberlain. German Ambassador and Tom Vardon called. Saw Vardon, of course, and told Ambassador to call again.

"And how can man die better than facing fearful odds."—Macaulay's "Horatius"

WEDNESDAY

Singular person, of the name of Wanklyn, called this morning. I was able to gather from his somewhat disjointed remarks, had discovered new plot for turning me out of office. This struck me as really amusing. Imagine *anything* turning me out! Wanklyn, finding me unsympathetic, said he was very sorry he had called. Told him there was no good in being sorry, and instanced Brodrick, who was about the sorriest minister we ever had, but who never was the least use to anyone.

Certain Manchester Free Trade people write to say they are forwarding me resolution. "Exactly what you need," was Chamberlain's comment, when I told him. Do not quite see point of his observation, but, no doubt, as it was addressed to me, it was intended to be such. Austen called during morning, and told me he had just been entertaining deputation. This struck me as worthy of note, as, though have heard him speak frequently, was not before aware that this young person could, in any conceivable circumstances, entertain anybody.

During afternoon received deputation of Ulster Unionists, who appeared to have grievance about something. Said I must turn out MacDonnell. Expressed myself as charmed, but ventured to enquire who MacDonnell might be, and out of what he was to be turned? Was informed he was a permanent official. Had then, of course, to point out that such expression had now no distinctive meaning, as we were all permanent officials now. MacDonnell, it was explained, was in Irish office. On learning this, at once said I thought I could help them, as I had happened recently to meet Irish Secretary. My remark seemed to surprise them. I can't imagine why, but it also quite evidently satisfied them, for they at once withdrew.

THURSDAY

Acland Hood came in in most unseemly haste and wanted me to go down to House. Was naturally annoyed, having already attended House for quarter of an hour. This is but specimen of unreasonable requests made to me. After Hood had gone, Gerald arrived. Told me he had been giving Salisbury tips about Board of Trade work. Gerald seems really well informed about Trade. Only the other day he was telling me—I can't think how his head is able to carry so much knowledge—that iron doesn't grow on trees like cotton, but is dug up. Strongly advised him to communicate his discovery to British Association. Imagine it would make something of a sensation. . . . Gerald, by the way, told me I was looking pale. Said he was sending doctor to me.

FRIDAY

Doctor called. Informed me I stayed in too much, and ought to go out. Curious, but that is very thing C.-B. was telling me only the other day. Doctor went on to say that my staying in was bad for constitution. Misunderstanding him, said I was aware of that, but that, as it happened, did not care two pins for Constitution, and in proof instanced my recent action in House. Doctor then explained he referred to *my* constitution. Later, received instructions from J. C. to join him at Highbury to-morrow. Confounded nuisance, as shall now get no golf. However, suppose there is no alternative.

Photo by **Mr. W. H. Ridd, of Withicombe, Devon, who weighs 26 stone** *[Elliott and Fry*

The Ridds are known to every reader of "Lorna Doone" as a stock of brawny Devonshire yeomen. Few of them have emulated the deeds of their famous predecessor, the Jan Ridd, of Blackmore's charming story, yet it is evident that "what's bred in the bone," if it gets no chance of asserting itself in these prosaic times, must "come out in the flesh," for a present bearer of the historic name, the horseman of our illustration, weighs 26 stone. Mr. Ridd, like so many men of great girth, is a man of active life, and is well-known in his district as a keen sportsman

SATURDAY

Arrived Highbury. J. C. took me to see orchid houses. Showed me a large shelf; suggested I should study its formation; and when I asked why, replied, rather rudely as I thought, that I might be on it presently. His further remarks I do not wish to recall. He released me in the evening.

TINY "TINA SCHWARZES"

ON THE ISLAND OF MARKEN, AMSTERDAM

Prototypes of the little Dutch girls to be found in "The Talk of the Town" at the Lyric Theatre

TINY "TINA SCHWARZES"

ON THE ISLAND OF MARKEN, AMSTERDAM

Prototypes of the little Dutch girls to be found in "The Talk of the Town" at the Lyric Theatre

"YE GENTYL AND RYGHTE COURTLIE ARTE OF FLATTERIE"

MENDICANT: "Pretty Lydy ——— " *(Sixpence — without another word of persuasion)*

DRAWN BY FRED. BUCHANAN

OUR SHORT STORY

THE DOOR

By CHARLES MARRIOTT

Liddiard had asked Mrs. Tracey to come to his studio at half-past six to have a last look at her portrait before he packed it up ready to take away with him in the morning. Possibly because this good-bye to the portrait was also good-bye to Liddiard for an indefinite length of time, Mrs. Tracey lingered in the dark, narrow, cobblestoned street, and observed the outside of the building more closely than she had ever done before. The building was an old flour-mill, a cliff of a place, very tall and grey, ruinous below, and, except at the top, where Liddiard's window glowed yellow against the dusky blue of late evening, wearing a sinister look of lifelessness. Indeed, it now reminded Mrs. Tracey unpleasantly of a man dying from the feet upwards. As if out of sympathy with the decline of milling, the life of the town had ebbed away from this quarter, and the cottages which flanked the narrow street were deserted and decaying. The solitude, and her own depression, sharpened Mrs. Tracey's senses, and it struck her now for the first time that the door in the wall of the mill, 30 ft. above the ground, was very dangerous. The door, as she knew, opened outward from the second landing, and she made a mental note that as she went upstairs she would examine the inside fastenings. All at once it was as if her vague fear of the place were explained; the door took on an exaggerated importance, as if it had long haunted her dreams as the scene of a tragedy, and were now, for the first time, suddenly recognised in reality. It held her with the fascination of a peril barely escaped. In spite of her regret—the keenness of which she was only beginning to recognise at Liddiard's going away—she was glad that he was leaving this building. She had the sense now of going to warn him of imminent peril as one would hasten the last man left on a sinking ship. The rhythmical gushing of the stream through broken hatches behind the mill fluttered her nerves as if it were insisting on the need for hurry. A sudden childish terror drove her into the dark opening which yawned at the foot of the building, and up the uneven stairs, eager for the security of lamplight and human companionship at the top. Yet for all her alarm, a morbid fascination made her stop on the second landing to examine the fastenings of the door. These she found were inadequate. The heavy bolt was shot home, it is true, but the only other safeguard was a piece of thick string, already rust-rotted, twisted round a nail. If one drew the bolt and pushed the door, the string would surely give way, and then there was a clear step into nothing. With a shiver, Mrs. Tracey turned away and continued her ascent. At the turn of the stairs there was the welcome light shining from under Liddiard's door.

He came forward to meet her, his hands covered with dust, and humorously extended. He was a tall, thin young man, with a bony face, and large, bright, rather prominent eyes, quizzical and yet compassionate in their expression.

"An awful job," he said, looking down at the floor, littered with sketches; "but I'm about through now, all but the portrait—and I want you to choose something for yourself out of these," and he stirred the sketches with his foot.

Three slim packing cases, already filled, leaned against the wall of the studio, which had been made merely by the addition of top and north lights to the upper story of the existing building. The old beams and rafters remained, in places heavily loaded with many-coloured palette scrapings, long accumulated relics of the different painters who had rented the studio.

Mrs. Tracey was too agitated to look at pictures immediately.

"I say," she said, "you ought to have something done to that door. It's horribly dangerous."

"Which—oh, that," he said, indifferently, "it's bolted, isn't it?"

"It frightened me," she said, pale and shaking; "you know how absent-minded you are; you might have walked through it at any time without knowing."

"Oh, rubbish," he answered. "Anyhow, there's no fear of that now, since I'm going away to-morrow."

"Yes, of course, you're going away to-morrow," she echoed. Then there was a little silence. Both were feeling how very much the sittings had meant for them; the value of the friendship which had sprung up so gradually and unconsciously that they were only now aware of the full strength of it. Mrs. Tracey had been slightly acquainted with Liddiard for more than two years, but it was only since she had begun to sit to him for her portrait that she had really known him. Now, with the sittings at an end, and Liddiard going away, she recognised that those two hours in the morning in his company had been a something definite and secure when all else in her life was a squalid uncertainty; when her best hope was to get through the day without fresh cause of unhappiness.

Liddiard turned away abruptly, and pulled forward the big easel, so that the light of the lamp fell on the painting.

"I wanted you to see it by artificial light, you know," he said, "because, after all, in a private house that is the condition under which pictures are mostly seen."

She looked at the picture critically, he meanwhile studying her face. Mrs. Tracey's face had the painfully

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strained look of one always expecting bad news; it was the face of a woman daily called upon to meet fresh emergencies. She was pale, even rather sallow, with large, liquid, dark eyes. She was too thin, though, as Liddiard would have said, "the bones of her were beautiful." Altogether, she was more satisfactory to a painter's eye than she would have been to a doctor's. The portrait was curiously characteristic, showing her leaning a little forward, with a slight frown and apprehensive eyes, while one long, nervous hand clutched the arm of the chair in which she sat.

"Well?" said Liddiard, at length.

"It's quite good," she answered.

"You're not satisfied?" he suggested.

"Indeed, I'm delighted with the picture," she said hastily. "Of course, I'm not competent to judge, but I should say that, technically, it's the best thing you've done; isn't it?"

"Yes, I think so," he answered, composedly. "Thelwell and Crane were in this afternoon, and they seemed to think it was rather good. But how does it strike you merely as a portrait?"

"I should think it was a very good likeness," she said, adding in a lower voice, "I believe there's a me in it that isn't evident to everybody."

"Thank you for that," he said, softly.

She walked up to the painting and peered at it narrowly, but only, as he saw, to hide her embarrassment.

"Look here," he said, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing," she answered, wheeling round and facing him. When at rest she was very still, but when she moved, it was swiftly and impulsively. He smiled rather incredulously, and pulled forward a chair.

"Sit down," he said, "I believe that beastly door quite upset you. Though," he added, "that shows what a state your nerves must be in."

"Oh, I'm all right," she said, with a laugh; "though I must say the discovery of that death-trap was rather a shock."

Liddiard was quite sure, however, that she had not given the only cause of her uneasiness. He moved away to turn down the hanging lamp, which was beginning to smoke.

"How do you think Tracey will like it?" he asked over his shoulder, in rather a muffled tone.

"Oh, he," she said, with an indifference which convinced Liddiard that her husband was not so far from her thoughts at that moment as she would have him believe. "I don't see how he can fail to be pleased with it."

"Ought I to have asked him to come and see it?" he asked, looking down at her.

"It wasn't necessary," she said; "I asked him."

Liddiard turned away, and began to pick up the sketches from the floor. He looked rather annoyed.

"I'm beginning to think it was a mistake, you know," he said, without turning his head.

"What, my sitting?"

He looked at her quickly before speaking, and then he said, "No, not exactly that, but I wish it wasn't a commission."

"But surely," she said, "the money will be useful to you?"

"Yes, of course it will—damn it," he answered, with a short laugh.

"Do you know," she said, "I think you are rather silly. And you're not very gracious to me either, are you?" she added severely.

"Ah, don't say that," he said impulsively, "you make me feel a beast. I know that you meant nothing but what was sweet and kind. But I've got so much out of—out of doing this, you know—in other ways, that I hate the idea of being paid in money for what has been altogether a joy."

"Oh, nonsense," she said, and then, lowering her eyes, "besides, that isn't quite it, is it?"

"No," he said, with the air of one at last determined to out with something unpleasant, long brooded upon, though never before put into words; "it's because Tracey pays."

"Oh," she said blankly, and colouring a little.

"I've hurt you by saying that," he murmured moodily.

"No," she said, "but I think you're absurdly sensitive. I don't think you quite understand my husband. He doesn't really care a pin about art, and he doesn't pretend to, and, if he had come to see the portrait, it would have been only as a matter of courtesy. He's really paying for exactly what he wants. It will give him very great and sincere pleasure to have in his dining-room a portrait of me that has been exhibited in the Academy. Therefore, though I admit he hasn't been very polite to you, I don't see why you need be at all uneasy because the commission came from him."

"Yes," he admitted, "that's all right. But you asked him to give me the commission, didn't you?"

"I made the suggestion, and he jumped at it."

"At the time," said Liddiard, "but he's regretted it since?"

She did not answer.

"And there's been—unpleasantness?" he persisted.

"You've no right to suppose that," she said, rather defiantly. Liddiard saw that now, as ever, she was obstinately determined not to let slip one word of the ill-treatment which all the town knew she suffered at the hands of her husband.

"Oh, no, of course I haven't," he said, with an impatient gesture, "not if we're going to agree to keep that distance; to pretend, that is to say."

She rose from her chair.

"I think I'd better be going," she said, gravely.

"Oh, good-bye, Mrs. Tracey," he said, in a mock-conventional tone, "I suppose I shan't see you again. Thank you so much for getting me the commission, and I hope you'll like the portrait when it's properly framed."

"You're abominable," she said, with a choke in her voice, turning away from him.

"Well, for God's sake, be yourself for this last time," he said, passionately. He tried to take her hand, but she shrank away from him.

"It's no use, dear," she said, with a quick sigh, "dont make me sorry that I came."

He left her side, and walked the length of the studio, as if to regain his self-control.

"You're going through an awful time," he said. "Don't think you can hide it from me. Why,

He ran to the landing, calling loudly, "Tracey, Tracey!"

DRAWN BY S. SPURRIER

you've altered, aged, since I've been working at this."

Her eyes moistened, and for a moment he hoped that she would confide in him and give him an opportunity to offer at least advice, but her face hardened again and she said:

"I know you mean generously, but we have to bear the consequences of our own blunders. You see, there's no way out."

"Not if you refuse to make one," he retorted hotly. "But there's a point beyond which bearing injustice becomes—who on earth's that?"

He stopped in an attitude of listening.

"I expect it's Jim," she said, smiling bitterly.

She sat down again, and they waited in silence while the heavy footsteps came nearer. Liddiard noticed that she winced, and went paler, at every stumble.

Somebody knocked at the studio door as if with the handle of a stick.

In answer to Liddiard's "Come in," Tracey entered the studio. He was a big, broad-shouldered man, with a heavy brown moustache, little blood-shot eyes, and a general air of dissipation. He was dressed in a cord suit, with riding breeches, and kept his soft hat on, a little to one side. A cigar, badly burned, was stuck in the corner of his mouth. For a few moments he blinked owlishly under the lamp, swaying slightly, and slapping his gaitered leg with his walking-stick. He nodded to Liddiard, and, evidently childishly interested in his unfamiliar surroundings, peered about the studio.

"That's dam fine," he said, looking from the portrait to his wife.

Liddiard stood on one side, hardly concealing his disgust at the other's air of patronage and possession.

"Finished?" asked Tracey.

"Yes, I think so," said Liddiard, coldly.

"Got a pen and ink?"

Liddiard went to the round oak table, and pushed aside the litter of paint tubes and cigar boxes filled with pastels. Tracey sat down, and, with an air, pulled out a cheque-book from his breast pocket.

"Pay Mr.—what is it?—Arthur?—Liddiard, one hundred and twenty-six pounds," he read out, without removing his cigar from his mouth, as he filled in the cheque.

"Blotting paper?" he said. Liddiard handed it to him. He carefully blotted the cheque, and with fuddled gravity held it up to the light, examining his penmanship.

"There you are, Mr. Liddiard," he said, handing the cheque over his shoulder, without turning his head. Liddiard stood with his hands behind his back.

"Well, what's the matter?" asked Tracey, looking round with an affectation of surprise, and taking his cigar out of his mouth.

"Usually," said Liddiard, keeping his temper, "one does not receive payment for a picture until it has been delivered to the purchaser. You see, many things may happen. To begin with, the price was conditional upon the portrait being exhibited in the Academy, and, of course, one never knows one's luck. And then, again, the picture might get damaged in transit; I've known it happen. So, if you don't mind, I'd prefer to wait until you've received it safely."

Tracey got up from the chair and flung his cigar into the ashes of the stove.

"Picture?" he said, in a strident voice. "I don't care about the blasted picture. What I want is to be out of your debt—see?"

"Won't you oblige me by breaking your rule for once and taking the cheque now, Mr. Liddiard?" said Mrs. Tracey, speaking for the first time since her husband entered the studio.

"Very well, Mrs. Tracey," said Liddiard, after a moment's hesitation, and taking the cheque he folded it up.

"And now," said Tracey, wheeling round on him, "I hope this is the end of this tomfoolery. I'm sorry I ever agreed to the thing, but I wasn't going back on my word. I understand from my wife that you're going away to-morrow, and I think it's the best thing you can do—and, if you take my tip, you won't come back again in a hurry—at least, not while I'm here. Don't imagine that I'm jealous: I never make a mistake about a horse or a woman, and if I'd got an idea that my wife wasn't running straight, I'd have put my foot down before now. It isn't that that I'm afraid of, so don't flatter yourself, Mr. Liddiard. But there's been a lot too much pawing of hands and looking into each other's eyes, and I don't like it: it makes me sick."

For a moment, Liddiard was strongly tempted, and his lips tightened as he measured the other man with his eyes. Tracey was the bigger of the two, but he was puffy and in shocking condition, while Liddiard was in the pink of training. But the presence of Mrs. Tracey, and the fact that Tracey was not sober, denied Liddiard his proper satisfaction, and he mastered his first impulse.

"Under the circumstances, Tracey," he said quietly, "I'm afraid I can't kick you out of my studio. But, of course, Mrs. Tracey," he added, turning to her with a smile, "I must ask you to release me from my obligation," and he tore Tracey's cheque into little pieces.

Tracey began to bluster, "You kick me out?" he said, advancing menacingly; but Liddiard's cool, selecting eye, and quiet, "Stop where you are, Tracey," had their effect. Possibly, too, more than Liddiard readiness, his wife's behaviour cooled his courage. She sat quietly in the chair, very pale, but looking not in the least frightened, and there was on her face an expression which Tracey had never seen before. He was not so drunk but that he recognised that he had gone too far, even for her patience. Not being clever enough to see that any further speech made matters worse, he clumsily tried to qualify the insult he had put upon her.

"I like to say what I have to say, man to man, and have done with it," he said. "Perhaps I don't always choose the most refined way of putting things, but you must take me for what I am—a plain John Bull. I can't beat about the bush, or pretend to like a thing, when I don't. I'm not bringing any accusations, mind you; I merely say that there are certain things a man don't approve of. Of course, different people have different ideas, and perhaps I'm a bit old-fashioned. However, if you're going

to be shirty about the cheque, Liddiard, I can't help that."

He spoke in a tone of dignified reproof, and apparently he half expected Liddiard to apologise and offer to shake hands; but the painter stood with his hands in his pockets regarding him with quiet contempt. Mrs. Tracey had risen, and was looking at some sketches pinned against the wall.

Tracey, with an affectation of ease, lit a cigarette.

"Well," he said, "I've said what I had to say, and so far as I'm concerned, the matter's ended. I shan't say any more about it. Just to show that I bear no ill-feeling, that I'm not jealous," he said, with a little, stupid laugh, "I'll leave you to say good-bye."

Mrs. Tracey did not even look round when he left the studio. At the sound of her name, she turned to Liddiard a face which, in spite of the smile upon her white lips, shook him with something more than pity.

"Oh, I say," he said, "you can't go on like this. It isn't right. Don't think that I'm pleading for myself, but isn't there anything I can do?"

For a moment she could not speak, but with a fierce effort she choked down the sob that rose in her throat.

"No," she said, in a stony voice. "You can do nothing. I must go on as I have gone on. You see, there's no possible way out, and——"

She stopped, listening, and holding her breath. Tracey had reached the second landing, and was fumbling with the fastening of the door. Only in that moment Liddiard understood the full horror of her life. They stared into each other's eyes, and such was the tragic intensity of her face, that for five heart beats he acquiesced, and stood with her on the edge of an awful crime; and then, "Oh, not that way, dear!" he cried, in an agonised voice He ran to the landing, calling loudly, "Tracey, Tracey!"

"Well, what's the row?" came thickly up the stairs.

"Mrs. Tracey wants you to wait for her," called Liddiard, unsteadily.

"All right," said Tracey.

Liddiard dared not look round until he heard Mrs. Tracey's breath come back in a deep sob. He went swiftly to her side.

"I suppose I ought to thank you," she said, colourlessly. "Good-bye."

She just touched his hand with her own, and left the studio. Liddiard heard them going downstairs together, Tracey whistling.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.

Dark Thoughts

"Now, darling, be good and go to nurse, and have your face and hands washed ready for tea"

"Wish I was a black gollywog, so's I wouldn't show the dirt"

DRAWN BY HILDA COWHAM

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

J. H. Taylor

Taylor is, perhaps, the most consistent player among the brilliant constellation of leading professionals. His last two performances in public show that he is maintaining that fine form which brought him within an ace of robbing White of his championship at the eleventh hour last year at Sandwich. On the two occasions to which I refer, he defeated another great player, James Braid, at Rye and Nazeing respectively, by very large margins; in fact, he seems to have outplayed Braid at all points, to judge from the reports, and from the results. I know nothing about Nazeing, but about Rye I can speak from personal knowledge, and although on the small side, it is a good testing course, and one requiring great straightness of play. But, after all, whatever the course, whether it be the comparatively flat St. Andrews or the mountainous Sandwich, what does it matter to Taylor? He has reduced the game to such a pitch of accuracy that he is able to confront all sorts and conditions of links with perfect equanimity.

A Wonderful Career

This year, the Open Championship takes place at St. Andrews, and both in 1895 and in 1900, the two last occasions on which the event happened there, Taylor won. He will, doubtless, make a great effort to bring off a third successive win there this year, and, on present form, he appears quite likely to achieve this great feat. But my purpose, to-day, is not to discuss the possibilities and the outcome of this year's championship, but to consider the aspects of Taylor's wonderful career. Taylor, quite apart from his special gifts as a player, is a remarkable individual, who, I make bold to say, would have made his mark in any career chosen by him. I think I am not wrong in saying that he started life as a caddie at Westward Ho! and I seem to remember Mr. Hutchinson speaking of him as having carried for him in that capacity for several seasons. Taylor first came into prominent notice in 1893 at Prestwick, where one of his scores was the lowest recorded in that year's championship. The next year he won at Sandwich, and repeated the performance at St. Andrews in 1895, while he only just missed his third successive win in 1896 at Muirfield, where he lost, after a tie with Harry Vardon.

Coach, Club-maker, Green-keeper

His last victory was, as I have said above, in 1900 at St. Andrews, while his magnificent effort in his last round at Sandwich last year is too fresh in my readers' recollection to need recalling. For a long time Taylor was professional and green-keeper at Winchester, then he migrated to Wimbledon, and is now at the Mid-Surrey links at Richmond. Wherever he has been he has won golden opinions from his employers, whether as coach, club-maker, or green-keeper. Besides his admirable capacities in all these respects, Taylor has considerable literary aptitudes, in witness of which I need only mention his really remarkable book on golf, his many contributions to *Golf Illustrated*, and the series of excellent articles he is now contributing to *C. B. Fry's Magazine*. He is one of the rare professionals who has studied the game from which he earns his fame and livelihood, from top to bottom. I do not suppose that any other professional player of a game, outside the ranks of the billiard players, has ever acquired such a profound knowledge of cause and effect in a new game as Taylor has acquired in the art of golf. What is more to the point, he has the still rarer power of being able to express his views and his knowledge in clear and terse English. Superficial observers may be inclined to think that Taylor's game consists of only one or two kinds of shots applied by him, whatever the particular conditions may be. Nothing, I am convinced, could be more mistaken than this view, which I have also heard applied to Vardon. The truth about these players is something of the same sort as may be said of John Roberts with regard to billiards.

The Virtues of Simple Play

To watch Roberts play a match, the observer would probably come away with the impression that he played a series of excessively simple and easy shots, only rarely, and then apparently reluctantly, having to play a brilliant shot, such as the heart of the amateur delights in. Much the same may be said of both Taylor and Vardon. They play their shots in the simplest and most straightforward way possible, and it is only at very rare crises that they resort to what dear old George Glennie used to call "monkey's tricks." There are players who have written learnedly of pulling and slicing, and of the advantages to be got out of the one or the other in the way of a wind-cheating shot. I take it that Taylor and Vardon have both realised the profound truth that a truly hit ball is hardly affected by wind at all, unless, of course, it be a regular hurricane blast. Their object is to get straight to the hole, and as, nine times out of ten, they hit their ball perfectly truly, the deviation caused by the wind is practically infinitesimal. Thus, anyone watching either of these players might form the erroneous conclusion that their game is limited to but a small variety of shots. They have all the varieties in their possession, but they find that simplicity is the best policy for the wear and tear of golfing life, and they reserve the eccentric strokes of genius for the rare occasions when they are absolutely necessary. Taylor has been a splendid example for younger players to follow, and that he may long continue to reap the success he deserves, is the heartfelt wish of his great admirer

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Spade Work

"What club are you using?"
"A lofter"
"I see, you don't call a spade a spade, in golf!"

DRAWN BY CHAS. CROMBIE

MATTERS MUSICAL

The Making of a Conductor

When Mr. Charles Williams's first concert took place, one of the critics referred to him as a conductor who yet had his spurs to win. That being a fact, it is equally true that he is already well on the way to winning them. There has been, from the first, a steady improvement at all the concerts played under his baton, and his "grip" of the band, which is a direct index of his efficiency at rehearsals, was strikingly demonstrated in the excellent performance of Schumann's B flat symphony, which formed the most important item in his last programme. If the London Symphony Orchestra has any intention of settling under one individual conductor, it could hardly do better than offer the appointment to Mr. Williams; indeed, it is not impossible that this series of concerts was organised with that end in view.

An Artist, not a Prodigy

We are all tired of prodigies, but it is impossible to listen to Mischa Elman's playing without pleasure. He so obviously understands everything he plays that his extraordinary gift impresses one as uncanny: to see a small schoolboy, carrying a violin, which, by contrast, appears to be even larger than usual, come striding, boy-like, on to the platform; to see him take his stand, and then to hear the playing of a mature man, is to experience quite a weird sensation. Last time, he chose Mendelssohn's E flat concerto, and in two minutes from the beginning he was evidently quite lost to everything but the music he played. And it is so with everything he takes up. Other prodigies play as they have been taught, with occasional bursts of originality, but Elman seems to have an unerring instinct which no amount of teaching could have produced.

Elman's Career

Mischa Elman, who is now thirteen and a half years of age, was born in Southern Russia, his father being a schoolmaster. He very early gave signs of unmistakable musical talent, but it was not till he was some eight years old that he went to Odessa for the express purpose of studying music, his education so far having been quite general. After some time spent at the Odessa Conservatoire, he went to St. Petersburg, where Professor Auer heard him play. So much struck was he, that he obtained from the Emperor exemption from the regulation which precludes students, not born in the city, from entering the Imperial Music School; and Elman received free tuition there under the professor's own direction. Two years later saw him so advanced that it seemed a pity to keep him back from appearing in public, and accordingly, last October, he made his first appearance at Berlin. He dislikes being looked upon as a prodigy, and would prefer to be called an artist, an appellation which he can very justly claim.

Photo by Ellis and Walery

Mischa Elman

The thirteen-year-old artist who may be regarded as premier prodigy

M. Jacques Thibaud

M. Jacques Thibaud is a violinist who has a considerable reputation on the other side of the Channel. His playing is remarkably light and graceful and he has a passionate style which, kept well in check, rather adds to its charm. M. Thibaud who comes of a musical family was born at Bordeaux in 1880. He received his first instruction from his father and progressed so fast that, at the age of thirteen, he was able to enter the Paris Conservatoire, where he became a pupil of Marfick, and, in due course, won the first prize for violin playing. M. Colonne at once engaged him for his orchestra, and his career was thereafter associated, to a great extent, with the genial conductor. His first appearance in public was at the annual musical festival at Angers, five years ago, and in 1903 he played for the first time in England at a symphony concert, so that he is not an absolute stranger.

The Joachim quartet will be in London for a fortnight, from May 8.

Herr Kubelik and Miss Marie Hall (who has just celebrated her twenty-first birthday) are among those who will give recitals during May.

M. Trebini, a young Italian violinist, made his first appearance in England last week.

Herr Hegedüs is to appear as solo violinist with the London Symphony Orchestra on May 19 at Queen's Hall.

H. F.

The news that there is to be a wedding next week at Huntley Burn, on the Abbotsford Estate, with Scott's own great-great-great-granddaughter as bride, takes one back to a memorable occasion just eighty-four years ago, when Scott rode over to the same homestead for the wedding of his old friend and tenant, Fergusson, who had come to live near him after his soldiering days in the Peninsular. "The noble Captain Fergusson was married on Monday last," he writes, on April 23, 1821. "I was present at the bridal, and I assure you the like has not been seen since the days of Lesmahago. Like his prototype, the Captain advanced in a jaunty, military step, with a kind of leer on his face that seemed to quiz the whole affair. You should write to your brother sportsman and soldier, and wish the veteran joy of his entrance into the land of Benedicks. Odd enough that I should christen a grandchild and attend a wedding of a contemporary within two days of each other. I have sent John of Skye, with Tom, and all the rabblement which they can collect, to play the pipes, shout, and fire guns below the Captain's windows this morning; and I am just going over to hover about on my pony, and witness their reception. The happy pair returned to Huntley Burn on Saturday; but yesterday being Sunday, we permitted them to enjoy their pillows in quiet. This morning they must not expect to get off so well." One wonders whether the shades of the great magician "and all the rabblement" will be among the uninvited guests at Huntley Burn next week?

A strange career is dealt with in Mr. Ernest Vizetelly's true story of the life and adventures of Armand Guerry de Maubreuil, which Messrs. Chatto and Windus are publishing this week, under the title of *The Wild Marquis*. On his own showing, the Marquis de Marbreuil was a political adventurer of a peculiarly unscrupulous character, for he admits that he was bribed by certain members of the Provisional Government of 1814, not only to assassinate Napoleon, but to get rid of Jerome and Joseph Bonaparte, and to kidnap the little King of Rome, into the bargain. All these schemes, however, came to nothing, but the would-be assassin was more successful when ordered to rob the Queen of Westphalia of her diamonds. For that offence he was cast into prison, and to this day one half of the stolen diamonds—worth, it is estimated, about, £30,000—are missing. According to Mr. Vizetelly, these are still lying at the bottom of the Seine, and, for the benefit of would-be treasure-seekers, he indicates, in his book, the most likely spot at which they will be found. Maubreuil died just fifty years ago.

Books to Order

GENERAL LITERATURE

Free Opinions, Freely Expressed. By Marie Corelli. (Constable: 6*s.*)

Russia in Revolution. By G. H. Perris. (Chapman and Hall: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

From the Cape to the Zambesi. By G. T. Hutchinson, with an introduction by Colonel Frank Rhodes. Illustrated. (Murray: 9*s.* net.)

Letters from Catalonia. By Rowland Thirlmere. 2 vols. (Hutchinson.)

NEW FICTION

The Three Essentials. By Dorothea Gerard. Published to-day. (Hutchinson: 6*s.*)

In the Arena. By Booth Tarkington. (Murray: 6*s.*)

The Phantom Torpedo-Boats. By Allen Upward. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

The French capital is also the subject of a book to be published this month by Messrs. Hutchinson—*Paris and the Social Revolution*, by Mr. Alvan F. Sanborn. This is a study of the revolutionary elements in the various classes of Parisian society by a man who has been investigating the subject on the spot for some years past; a considerable portion of his time being spent among the Anarchists of Montmartre. The author is not himself a revolutionist; he describes himself, indeed, as a Conservative of Conservatives, and confesses to a preference for blooded aristocrats rather than social strugglers. Nevertheless, he knows the revolutionists of France by heart; "he has eaten their bread and salt, he has drunk their water and wine," and would present them as he has found them, to the world.

Messrs. Methuen have nearly ready their sumptuous work on *Social Caricatures of the Eighteenth Century*—a two-guinea work by the talented lady who writes under the name of "George Paston." Besides Hogarth, Gillray, Rowlandson, and Bunbury, who are liberally represented, characteristic specimens are given of Van Heeniskerck, J. June, Boitard, George Bickham, Thomas Patch, Vanderhaechen, Gravelot, Paul Sandby, De Loutherbourg, John Collett, Samuel Collings, George Woodward, Henry Wigstead, Austin, Isaac Cruikshank, and John Kay, the Edinburgh caricaturist. The great majority of these artist-engravers are unknown to the modern public, and their work has never yet been represented in any published collection of caricatures.

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

"Prize" Stories

Every now and then some editor or publisher makes a bid for notice by offering an alluring award to the writer of the "best" story sent to him for competition. In America, they are bolder in this kind of enterprise than we are in England. It was thought a great thing when Messrs. Newnes offered a prize of a thousand pounds for a novel, but *Collier's*, the New York weekly, has just given that sum for a short story. I have not the slightest faith in these competitions as means of discovering good literary work by hitherto unknown writers. Nor does the fact that a young man, quite without literary reputation, has carried off *Collier's* thousand, despite the rivalry of many of the cleverest writers in America—where the art of the short story is better understood than it is with us—induce me to believe that the judges have unearthed a genius. The judges were by no means the best to be found, and the opinions of any three men, however distinguished, are not sufficient for a decision in a matter of this importance. As it is, Senator Lodge dissents from Mr. William Allen White and Mr. Walter Page in selecting, from twelve thousand manuscripts, this by a young man of twenty-five, and crowning it "the best." The result is that we have a story which two men of very ordinary critical ability consider to be better than twelve thousand other stories—if you are so guileless as to believe they have read all the rest! Mr. Julian Hawthorne won the two thousand pounds' prize of the *New York Herald* some eight years ago with a novel of no remarkable merit, and no one will say that the late Grant Allen ever wrote a novel of less literary value than "Bred in the Bone," with which he secured the Newnes' prize of a thousand pounds. Almost the only exception which I recall, to the rule that stories written for prize competitions have no lasting value, is that of Mrs. Henry Wood's "Danesbury House," which gained a hundred pounds in 1860 as "the best temperance story," and has since circulated by the million. It takes no high rank as a novel, but as a "story with a purpose"—which, of course, excludes the idea of art—it is not unworthy of its popularity.

Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch ("Q")
In his study at "The Haven," Fowey

Serials and Circulation

If I am not mistaken, I noticed that a sixpenny edition of Grant Allen's prize story had appeared only a few weeks ago. Certainly, it is as good as many another machine-made novel that is being read just now; but literature it is not. Allen was a capable journeyman of letters, with a considerable knowledge of the science of nature; but his fiction was quite without distinction, which was scarcely surprising, as he wrote it without any inward impulse. Soon it will be entirely forgotten; even his "Hill Top" efforts. A like fate, in all probability, awaits the work of the late James Payn, whose famous novel, "Lost Sir Massingberd," has recently been re-issued in sixpenny form. Payn was certainly a much better novelist than Allen, but he always fell short of writing the really big book, and while he did some admirable work, achieved nothing that will last. I am interested in the statement, repeated for the hundredth time, that when "Lost Sir Massingberd" appeared in *Chambers's* it sent the circulation up 20,000 copies. The most absurd ideas as to the power of this author or that to raise the circulation of a paper are entertained—chiefly by the authors! When I accepted the editorship of a well-known provincial weekly, the proprietor warned me that a serial by William Black had *lowered* the circulation some 6,000 copies. It has been asserted that the editor of a monthly review paid a fabulous price for a short story by Mr. Kipling, and failed to trace the sale of a single extra copy as a result of his enterprise. Frankly, when a novelist tells me that his serial has sent up the sales of the paper in which it appeared by so many, I simply regard him as one who harbours a pleasing delusion. My experience is, that serials, though essential to continued interest, do not affect sales so much as their authors suppose. Their chief merit is that they enable editors to concentrate their advertising on the issue in which the opening chapters appear, but it is the general character of a journal that sends its sales up or down. As indicating this, I may say it is no uncommon thing for an editor to urge a novelist to get a good opening, no matter how he jogs along after that.

"Q's" New Book

I remember Grant Allen's complaining that Mr. Quiller Couch was so prodigal in the variety of plot and incident which he used up in his short stories, that some day he would regret his bountifulness. That was the real tradesman's view of authorship—

the view which Allen deliberately took. But "Q" has written innumerable short stories, and many long ones since then, with never a sign of indigence in the matter of invention. Recently I read his latest novel, "Shining Ferry" (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*), and found it most entertaining, though scarcely calculated to enhance his reputation. We have novelists who occasionally do produce a really good book, and frequently content themselves by giving us very indifferent fare. "Q" can never quite disappoint us; for while he has rarely risen to the level of "The Splendid Spur," or "Troy Town," he is too conscientious a writer ever to scamp his work. "Shining Ferry," compared with the best we have had from him, comes as near to disappointment as any, and yet it is well above the level of the average novel of the day. The scene of the story takes us back to quaint old Troy, and the characters are all individual, the study of Samuel Rosewarne being very subtle and singularly fresh, though Mr. Benny, the confidential clerk, with a weakness for poetry, is reminiscent of the pages of Dickens. The heroine, Hester Marvin, has a conventional touch, and makes an impossible marriage; but that is not less possible than the speech of the two little children, whom the author has cast for such important parts. The impression of the whole is that of a most agreeable story, eminently worth reading, yet of small value in the sum of Mr. Quiller Couch's reputation. "Q," by the way, is one of the novelists who detest London life, and after a short stay in the Metropolis, following his first success with "Dead Man's Rock," he returned to his native Cornwall, where, at Fowey, his days are passed between literary work and the pleasures of seaside life, yachting being his favourite pastime.

Photo b] **Miss Una Silberrad** [*K. Pragnell*

Whose new volume of stories, "The Wedding of the Lady of Lovell," is attracting much attention

Miss Una Silberrad

There is a certain fitness in my giving Miss Una Silberrad a place in our portrait gallery alongside Mr. Quiller Couch, for the latter was the first of the critics to hail Miss Silberrad on her literary début, a matter of four and a half years ago. He reviewed, in the *Academy*, with warm approval, her earliest novel, "The Enchanter," and also wrote to her in these words: "No piece of purer romance, or of finer, has been written for a long while. 'The Enchanter' gave me extraordinary pleasure; it was so full of promise, so rich in a score of small ways, touching here and there the great heights, and often a nobility of feeling which most of our story-tellers—so far are they from reaching it—seem never to suspect." This I quote chiefly as evidence of that kindly welcome which always awaits new workers of promise at the hands of those who have already won fame in these "fields of fair renown," and which is so pleasant a feature of literary life. My own recollection of Miss Silberrad's maiden novel scarcely tallies with "Q's" opinion, as it seemed to me to be marred by certain melodramatic touches quite out of harmony with the remarkable power of characterisation it displayed. But it was a really notable achievement for a first effort, as the young writer had only produced one short story before. She has given us four other novels since then, one of them at least, "Mark Wyngate," much richer in evidence of power, in atmosphere, than her first, and now comes a collection of stories, "The Wedding of the Lady of Lovell" (Constable: 6*s.*), which I am disposed to rank as her best work. Miss Silberrad, although of good Essex stock, is remotely German and Spanish in her ancestry, and this foreign strain is, perhaps, accountable for her interest in "black magic," which was so pronounced a feature of "The Enchanter," and appears again in these fresh, unconventional, humorous stories of Tobiah, the match-maker, where the atmosphere of the seventeenth century is so cleverly suggested. "The Wedding of the Lady of Lovell" is emphatically a book to read.

Verne and Wells

In almost every obituary of the late Jules Verne, there was allusion to Mr. H. G. Wells as in somewise successor to the mantle of Verne. Surely this is very superficial criticism. Anyone who has studied both authors carefully must be impressed by the fact that they have nothing in common beyond the prophetic nature of their themes, and this is as old as literature itself. Much though I have delighted in the stories of Jules Verne, it does seem to me a very left-handed compliment to Mr. Wells to regard him as, in any sense, a follower of the famous Frenchman. In France, the English novelist is more highly esteemed by some of the best critics than is their own countryman. Jules Verne was essentially a writer for boys; his insight into human character was of small account, his "prophetic" fancies glorified Patent Office specifications; whereas Mr. Wells is a true student of mankind, and has genuine vision, as well as great literary art. Verne never attempted—and wisely—anything like that brilliant series of sociological studies which Mr. Wells has this month brought to a conclusion with "A Modern Utopia." (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.*) You cannot imagine one of our reviews printing a study of Jules Verne's style; but not long ago a French review did so in respect to Mr. Wells.

BRIDGE: Our New Competition

FIRST QUARTERLY BRIDGE COMPETITION,
with a Weekly Competition running concurrently.

Prizes:

WEEKLY Competition—First Prize each week: Two Guineas.

SECOND and THIRD PRIZES: A "BYSTANDER" Bridge Case—value £1 1s. each.

QUARTERLY COMPETITION PRIZE

£10 10 0 in Cash to the Competitor who gains the greatest number of marks in the Thirteen Weekly Competitions.

PRIZEWINNERS AND SOLUTIONS

SECOND WEEK—PROBLEMS IV.-VI.

Ten Competitors obtained full marks, and the Editor, therefore, had to select from these the three which, in his opinion, were best entitled to prizes owing to their conciseness and clearness in setting out their reasons. Under ordinary circumstances, the first prize would have gone to "Zif II.," but as he won a prize last week he is therefore prevented from gaining another weekly prize.

1st PRIZE, Two Guineas, is awarded to:

E. Leslie Brown, Esq., The Rhea, Bromyard, Worcestershire.

2nd and 3rd PRIZES, consisting of BYSTANDER Bridge Cases:

J. V. Edwards, Esq., 3, Hare Court, Temple, E.C.
Miss A. Fletcher, 30, Cambridge Gardens, North Kensington, W.

QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—The following are the marks gained by competitors for solving the second week's problems in our Quarterly Competition:

15, Ina II., Kirkland I., Mugwump, Nip, Oltonia, Raniput, Slam, Waverley, Willimoteswick, Zif II.; 14, Captain Cuttle, Carolus, Eblow, Kirkland II., Lance Fieldoak, Tictac; 13, Ap Twm, Ernst, Ireland, Mad, Moth, Mucross, Sauchieleigh, Simplex, Tylhus; 11, Brown Cat; 10, Alexander, Athole, Bis, Bridge of Sighs, Defiance, Dogger, Falesp, Fantome, Joker, Luppy, Melai, Not 'Arf, Noxious, Pelaw, Pons, Puffin-boy, Quaesitor, Quambo, Scarlet Pimpernel, Yarborough, White Cat, Zif I.; 9, China, Diana, Elah, Hockey, Laleham, Miles, Nemo, P. M. S., Sefton, Simplicity; 8, Bulbs, Ganmdin, Lily of the Valley, No Trumps, Three Feathers; 7, Awapuni; 6, Bro, Chlorodyne, Crocks, Inkpot; 5, Bijou, Cuilin, Cumtux, Darkie, Dragon, Ina I., Fen, Viking, Watadam; 4, Blockhead, Electricity, Essem, Inga, Lucia, Princess, Pupil, Strategy, Tony; 3, Badger; 1, Whipper In.

ADDITIONAL LIST of competitors awarded marks (in the Quarterly Competition) for solving the first three problems: 14, Diana; 13, Captain Cuttle, Raniput, Simplex; 10, Mars, Melai, Strategy; 5, Ganmdin; 4, Three Feathers.

ANSWERS TO PROBLEMS IV., V., and VI.

PROBLEM IV.—Declare spades. Many players would declare clubs at this score, on the ground that clubs afford a better chance of the odd trick, and that spades will probably be doubled. In the first place, clubs offer a very poor chance of the odd trick; in the second place, players are chary of doubling spades at 24-All. You may safely reckon that it will be more difficult for your opponents to make three tricks in spades than two tricks in clubs.

PROBLEM V.—Declare hearts. With your opponents 18 to your 12 this is no time for a timid spade. Spades will very likely be doubled; and your opponents will be pretty sure to score, and have the deal next hand at 22 or 26. Declaring hearts makes the singleton in spades useful, as adding to the trick-taking capacity of the hand.

PROBLEM VI.—Declare diamonds. You are well ahead, and can afford to go slowly. Besides, on such a hand you are as likely to make two tricks in diamonds as one in No-Trumps.

Fourth Weekly Competition

What You Have to Do

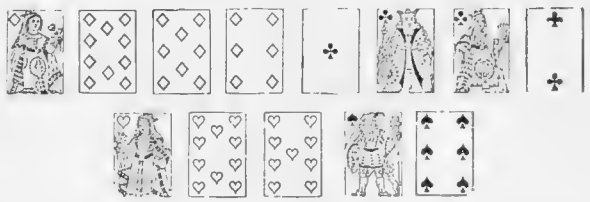
1. Below, three questions are asked. You have to answer them. Thus, with Problem X., if you think the right answer is "No Trumps," take half a sheet of notepaper and write the words "No Trumps." After that, you say in as few words as possible, your reason for the declaration.

2. Having answered the three questions — with the reasons, making six answers in all—write your name and address clearly.

WHAT DO YOU DECLARE AS DEALER?

PROBLEM X.

SCORE: Love-all.

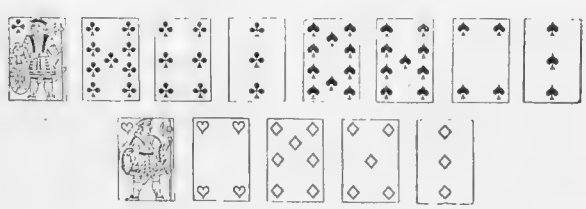


DEALER'S DECLARATION: **(1) What do you declare? and (2) why?**

3. Below will be found the fourth week's three Problems. Give your solutions, as already explained; then, for a coupon, cut off the two lines on the back cover, "Printed and published by George Robert Parker, etc., etc.," and stick this token on the top of your solutions. The solutions of the competition given herewith must reach the office not later than the first post on Monday, April 24, addressed to "The Bridge Editor," THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C., and marked at top of left side of envelope, "Competition."

PROBLEM XI.

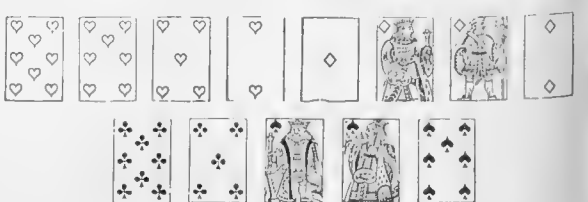
SCORE: Dealer, 12; Adversaries, 24.



DEALER'S DECLARATION: **(1) What do you declare? and (2) why?**

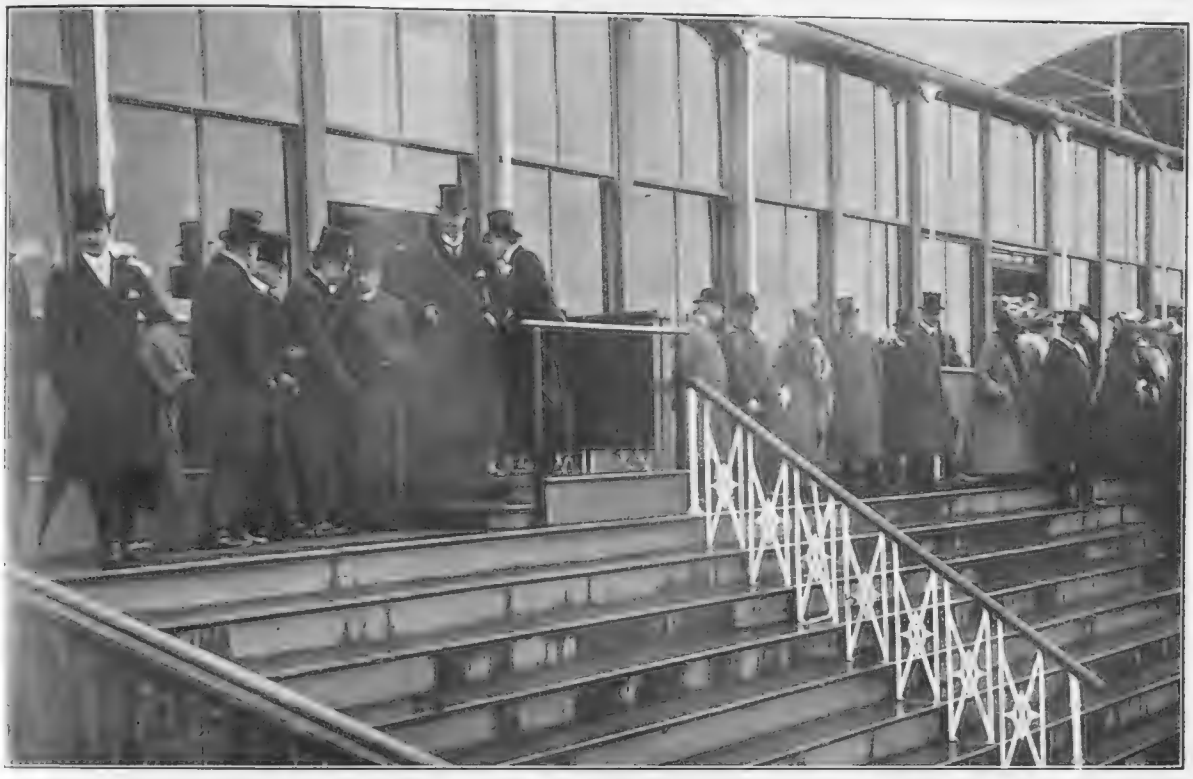
PROBLEM XII.

SCORE: Dealer, 20; Adversaries, 26.



DEALER'S DECLARATION: **(1) What do you declare? and (2) why?**

PUNCHESTOWN RACES



Lord Dudley and house-party on Kildare Hunt Stand, at Punchestowa

Included in Lord and Lady Dudley's house-party were the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, Lord and Lady Lucan, and Lord and Lady Marc

Photos by *Lafayette*

"Mount Hillary" returning to weigh after winning the Prince of Wales's Plate

It was unfortunate that rain should have fallen, as Punchestown sets the fashions in Ireland for the spring and summer. However, during the meeting, many ladies braved the possibilities of disaster, and appeared in the brightest of new spring costumes

Frocks, Frills and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Ambrosine and I have been arriving at conclusions, the chief of which is, that if women are not able to dress themselves well this year, they never will. There is such an extraordinary versatility of choice, and the very happiest little subterfuges available, whereby those of moderate means can effect a pleasing appearance with a small outlay. One can work out such subtle alternative schemes by the aid of taffeta coatees, cute little capes, embroidered muslin chemisettes and under-sleeves, and the innumerable details that are verily without end, and were never within recollection more irresistible, that go to make up the world of *chiffons*.

A white spotted foulard gown with hems of navy blue cloth

(Sketched at Lola's, Dover Street)

An Unprecedented Triumph

But talking of moderate means, do you know Lola, in Dover Street? We made her acquaintance barely a year ago, and are proud to think we were among the first to proclaim the possibilities of exclusive gowns made at moderate prices. To speak truly, we were a little sceptical last year as to whether Lola would or *could* keep up her creed of small cash prices, knowing the weakness of our sex for acquiring clothes with payment in the far dim future. But this year we have no shadow of doubt left.

Lola came, at the exact phsychological moment, to meet a rebound, and it has taken only one short year to convince the *élégante*, who is wise, of the *raison d'être* of a modiste who frankly states that, for money down, she can offer the best, at approximately half the price possible when long credit is the rule. There is evidence, sufficient and to spare, that at Lola's a really small allowance can be aid out to undreamt-of advantage, and it would serve a young girl excellently well to entrust her modistic salvation solely and wholly to Lola, where smart guinea hats and three-guinea linen frocks are an accepted decree.

Nor is six and a half guineas a prohibitive sum to ask for a *chic* tailor-made—the tailor-made only to be found at a really representative *atélier*—replete with that quiet, indefinable simplicity which is the very essence of smartness, and which the inspired elect

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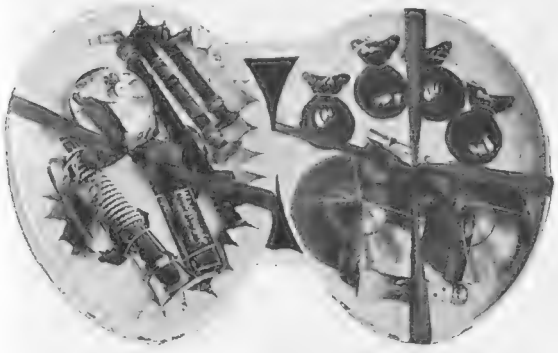
alone dare venture to propound. Take, for example, that persuasively pretty gown sketched, of blue and white spotted foulard, ornamented with hems of navy blue cloth, and boasting the dearest little bodice, just parting in front, to reveal the presence of a white embroidered lawn vest. Then, for outdoor wear there is provided one of the recently revived capes of incidental character, fashioned of the cloth, the fulness drawn through dull gold buckles.

Evening Elegances

The evening frocks are lovely, so quietly distinctive in style and characteristic. On a deliciously foamy dance dress of pink chiffon, there is introduced a deep hem of pink satin, surmounted by a band of opal and gold embroidery, the becoming, softly swathed bodice having its exuberance curbed by the same embroidery. Then an apricot satin carries a charming treatment of pearl and sequin embroidery, and is a wholly fascinating creation.

The millinery alone is worth a visit. Lola is showing a quite new panama sailor, the brim lined with a coloured straw, and the crown decked with natural quills, poised in the most unique manner, that should make its fame quickly as the accompaniment to the neat tailor suit, while a representative example of the *habillé* chapeau, is found in a nutmeg-brown chip wreathed with roses, lillies, and forget-me-nots, and small starfish bows of velvet. To seek the services of Lola, however, is a rite no woman, who would be really well dressed at a moderate expenditure, should easily forego.



A musical Easter egg

This egg is representative of many such at Charles Morrell's. It contains, as will be seen, miniature bagpipes, a bugle, castanets, cymbals, etc., etc.

Another Discovery

Presumably there is no end to the resources of Tottenham House. Only within quite recent days has it been borne in upon us that they have a boys' clothing department of exceptional excellence. Truly, this has been augmented of late, but it has existed long enough to testify to the real knowledge at the back of the work.

A peculiar excellence of cut and style characterises the ready-made goods, which, to all appearances, are equal, in every way, to those made to special order. And it is such a boon when boys come home, as they invariably do, in rags and tatters from school, to fit them out again without any fuss of waiting, in garments in every way equal to those which, a few years ago, would have cost double the price, and would only have been procurable to special order.

But, we have said it before, and we say it again—in fact, we seem to be always saying it—that Shoolbred's is a shop of complete reliability.

Here We Are Again!

Is it, can it be, a year since we were weighing, with serious faces and minds most intent, the rival merits of Easter Eggs at Charles Morrell's, 368-370, Oxford Street? Well! it apparently is, for the task is once again brought immediately home to us by certain small, but insistent, voices. And what a cult it has become, this one of Easter Eggs, of recent years—a fancy

A monster Easter egg from Charles Morrell's

This contains two dressed dolls, with parasols, etc., on one side, and the other side is taken up by a doll's china tea service

arising out of home-dyed productions, and intermittent at that, into a very prodigal fancy.

To celebrate the moment, Charles Morrell's toy emporium, in Oxford Street, is literally choked up with eggs—large, small, fantastical, plain; ships laden with eggs, and eggs overflowing with toy ships. Eggs filled for boys, with telephones, conjuring tricks, trains, conductors' outfits, soldiers, cannons, etc.; while for girls, there is everything pertaining to dolls' houses, and dolls' clothes, together with housewives and the like. Nor is King Baby forgotten: soft, wool-covered animals filling a notable place in the *galère*, commencing at the moderate sum of one shilling. A picture of a sumptuous egg is given, containing two dressed dolls, with various small addenda in the shape of fans, parasols, and jewellery on the one side, and a charming china tea service on the other.

Another daintily devised egg is filled to repletion with musical toys, and yet another is occupied by a miniature dessert service, with lifelike replicas of fruit on the dishes. Then a most amusing novelty is an india-rubber egg, which, on being pinched, ejects a hen, while an American corn-pipe blows an india-rubber egg.

Humpty Dumpty, a time-honoured favourite clad in his traditional garb, appears as much in request as ever, and stands in whole battalions at Mr. Charles Morrell's, who has assuredly succeeded in amassing the largest, most attractive, and most representative show of Easter Eggs on record.

A Woman's Note Book

It is one of the contrary ways of the world that the London season comes at a time when the country is garbing itself in its most beautiful apparel. Why cannot London have the winter? It would certainly be a more satisfactory arrangement, at least from the purely pleasurable point of view, for spring is the time for enjoyment in the country, and the summer, even though it is the early summer, is certainly not attractive in town, while winter, especially those depressing November and December days, of dull agricultural mists, muddy lanes, sodden fields, and lowering skies, is wearisome even to the most ardent lover of nature (excepting of course the sportsman), and the hours might then be merrily spent in the amusements to be derived from town life. But now, those who like a little of every kind of entertainment, fall, as it were, between two stools; and by an anxious compromise fail to get much out of either. Hurried week-end visits to the country are decidedly unsatisfactory. Probably it rains all the time, and just clears up with the most tantalising gleams of sunshine to speed the parting guest. The country pleasures are left reluctantly for trains, smoke, and noise, and the one who is so anxious to combine the best of both, has probably missed the very thing he, or she, was craving for in town, while examining wearily, in field or garden, the plants that are just over, or those that have hardly come on. Besides, it takes time to fall in with any one kind of life, so as to *begin* even to enjoy it thoroughly, and these "snatches" are the reverse of pleasurable.

A Go-as-you-Please Age

Still, there is one advantage open to everyone in these days. It is possible to make a choice, to choose town life, country life, or any other kind of life; it is permissible to follow our own bent, and do as we like. Thirty years ago, a woman was obliged to behave not, indeed, like *every* other woman, but like the group of companions who moved in her own circle. In a word, her conduct was determined entirely by a burdensome consideration known as her "station in life." After that, there was a craze for originality, resulting in all the go-ahead young women following, not their own tastes, and doing, not as they liked themselves, but merely as other people did *not* like, which was quite as irksome, if a little more entertaining, than the former method. But now, who cares? We may live in town or country, work or be idle, take up a cause, or remain nonentities, and, though some may be sufficiently interested to encourage, no one is so greatly concerned as to check us. Everything topsy-turvy happens in these days. Millionaires may be socialists, and duchesses shopkeepers; any nobody quickly becomes a somebody, if only he is clever enough, and knows the way. The very few who stand aside proudly, and complain of the confusion of democracy, have to own that they themselves are liberated from many tiresome bonds by its advance. It is an age of fads perhaps, but also a time of going quietly and comfortably one's own way.

Freedom of Thought and Occupation

And, what is so nice as to go one's own way? or after all, so really satisfactory? It is a great relief when we may all do as we like, and nobody takes any notice of us—when everybody is so busy carrying out their own plans and fancies, that they have not time to be distracted into interfering with their neighbours. In such circumstances, progress in our individual hobbies goes on like a house on fire, and in all these particulars the Englishwoman is, happily, exceptionally free.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: Some Recipes from a Chef's Note Book

Fillet de Mouton à la Provençale
Tournedos
Bouchées de Pigeons
Salade Albany

FILLET DE MOUTON À LA PROVENCALE

Bone a loin of mutton, trim off all the fat and sinew, leaving only the roll from the top and the fillet from underneath the loin. Cut the meat into neat fillets and lard finely. Season with pepper aad salt, and fry the side not larded in a little oil or butter. Brush over the larded side with meat glaze, and finish cooking in the oven. Dish up on a border of mashed potatoes, or a purée of spinach; pour a well-flavoured tomato sauce round, and garnish with stewed tomatoes. Season with finely minced onions.

TOURNEDOS

Slice down about 2½ lb. of fillet of beef, and cut or stamp it out in rounds half an inch thick, trimming these neatly. Bat them out with a wet knife, season them with pepper, salt, minced mushroom and parsley, and sautery them in a well-buttered pan for four or five minutes, only turning them once in the process. Have ready as many round croutons of bread as you have tournedos, brush these over with glaze, dust them with minced mushrooms, parsley, and coralline pepper, set a slice of baked and seasoned tomatoes on each, then a tournedos, and serve very hot, with a thick, brown sauce round them.

BOUCHÉES DE PIGEONS

Remove the flesh from two pigeons, pound in a mortar, and pass through a wire sieve. Make a panada of two tablespoonfuls of flour, 1 oz. of butter, and a little milk. When the panada is quite cold (it must be rather thick) mix it with the pigeon, add a gill of cream, and season well with pepper and salt. Have little flat ornamental moulds well greased and sprinkled with hard-boiled egg (grated) and a little fresh finely chopped parsley. Fill the moulds quite full, and steam for about half an hour. Serve in a silver dish, and pour round a white sauce, to which has been added a little of the pigeon stock, the yolk of an egg, a tablespoonful of cream, and a few chopped mushrooms.

SALADE ALBANY

Take the crisp leaves of a small cabbage lettuce, a little small cress, chopped tarragon, and chervil, a suspicion of finely minced chives, and mix well together in a dressing composed of salt, pepper, sugar, Orleans vinegar in small quantity, and thick double cream.

EMILIA.

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Motor Boats at Monaco

Last Monday week, the one hundred kilomètres race for speed boats under twelve metres in length, took place at Monaco. At the start, the *Mercedes-Charley*, travelling at nearly fifty kilomètres an hour, led, closely followed by *Palaisoto I.*, *Napier II.*, *Napier*, *C.G.V.*, Madame du Gast's *Turquoise*, *Baby II.*, and the *Hotchkiss*. At the end of the first round of the eight-mile course, this was still the order, the *Mercedes* travelling well, and seemingly increasing her lead all the time. During the next round, *Napier II.* gained second place, and in the middle of the third round took the lead, the *Mercedes* stopping, and having to abandon the race owing to a hot bearing.

Touring round the world in a Napier motor-car

With Mr. and Mrs. Chas. J. Glidden in New Zealand. A Maori chief and his niece on a Napier car, with Mrs. Glidden at the wheel

Britannia's Staying Power

Napier II. now led easily, and, more breakdowns occurring to other French boats, the Napier boat, steered by Seaton Edge, with Arthur Earp as engineer, took second place, and maintained it to the end. The winner, *Napier II.*, travelled well all the way, making, at times, a speed of forty-seven kilomètres an hour. She won against a strong combination of the best Continental models. While the foreigners suffered from breakdowns and troubles of all kinds, the two British boats ran consistently and steadily, and proved their reliability. Congratulations to Macdonald who steered, and his mechanician, Pugh.

A Polite Protest

A reader of THE BYSTANDER ever since its production, pens me the following polite protest against my police-trap warnings :

April 7, 1905.

DEAR SIR,—I can lay claim to have practically taken in THE BYSTANDER ever since its production, and I certainly consider it the best paper, or magazine, of the present day; but, as one who takes great interest in motoring, I cannot help taking exception to the schemes propounded for breaking the laws as to the speed limit. Of course, I know I am only one amongst many, but I know a good many others whose opinions coincide with mine on this subject—*i.e.*, that warnings as to police traps are unnecessary, and tend to lower the standard of your excellent paper.—Yours faithfully,

H. W. W. WOOD, Major,
West Riding Regiment.

At first sight, I must admit that even I am inclined to agree with the writer of this letter. In theory, the law should be observed, and every citizen should help to maintain a healthy respect for the powers that be. A cursory glance at the history of mechanical traction shows, however, that Parliamentary views on speed have always lacked intelligence. In the March of 1825, Geordie Stephenson made his first appearance to give evidence before a committee of the House of Commons. The Liverpool and Manchester Railway Bill was the subject under discussion, and the opposition was strong. Many years afterwards, looking back at his position on this trying occasion, he said: "When I went to Liverpool to plan a line thence to Manchester, I pledged myself to the directors to attain a speed of ten miles an hour. I said I had no doubt the locomotive might be made to go much faster, but that we had better be moderate at the beginning. The directors said I was quite right, for that when they went to Parliament, if I talked of going at a greater rate than ten miles an hour, I should put a cross on the whole concern. It was not an easy task to keep the engine down to ten miles an hour, but it had to be done." Skipping many years one comes to the introduction of the cycle. Many of my readers can well remember the absurd police persecution that cyclists had to undergo—because they went faster than horse-drawn vehicles they were constantly accused of furious riding, or riding to the danger of the public, and I believe I am right in saying that, only a few years ago, over two hundred cyclists were stopped on one Sunday alone, in Kingston—duly summoned, convicted, and fined.

A Coach and Four the Standard of Speed

Motoring started under the red flag, with a four-mile an hour limit. Eventually, after much opposition, this was altered to a twelve-mile an hour limit, based, obviously, on the Parliamentary idea that the pace of a coach and four was the standard for road speed, and should not be exceeded. The twelve-mile an hour limit just over a year ago gave place to a twenty-mile an hour limit, with numbers. The great body of motorists were badly taken in by the

Photo by] **The Motor-Boat Races at Monaco** [*Biard*

In this race, ten competitors started, but the sea was so rough that nine sought shelter in various harbours. The *Joliette* was the only boat to hold on her course, and when news of her arrival was communicated, three of the other boats left their shelter and finally struggled in

last Act, for, in return for their agreeing to be numbered like cabs and licensed like dogs, they were led to believe that the limit would be at least twenty-five miles, and probably thirty miles an hour. The old ideas of vehicular speeds proved, however, too much for the House of Commons, and the limit was fixed at twenty.

The Speed Limit is Unnecessarily Low

Now, is there any single person who has been driven in a modern motor-car over an average country road who will not agree that twenty miles an hour can be safely exceeded? On nine-tenths of the road mileage in the United Kingdom the twenty-mile limit is too restrictive. The present law is obviously out of date, and one that unnecessarily interferes with the utility of the motor-car. In theory, of course, however foolish a law may be, yet, it should be obeyed. Even in law-abiding England, however, there are cases of statutes falling into disuse. The Lord's Day Observance Act may be cited as a case in point, of a law which is continually broken, and which is only in rare cases insisted upon by the authorities. The persecution of the cyclists has died a natural death, and it would be hard to find a recent case of a cyclist being fined for furious riding. Everyone cycles, everyone goes as fast as he wants to, yet there are no prosecutions. While I am far from saying that the speed of motors should be unlimited, or that reckless and inconsiderate driving should not be put a stop to, the idea of these traps is repugnant to me.

The Duke of Fife Bagged in the Brighton Trap

The choosing of favourable gradients in uninhabited country—the hiding of policemen behind hedges, and the consequent trapping of motorists, who are obviously endangering no one—such methods are not in harmony with English ideas of fairness April 1—scene, the Brighton road—supplies a good example of these silly traps: The Duke and Duchess of Fife are motoring to Brighton; there is nothing in sight; the car is doing an easy thirty miles an hour, when out hops a policeman named King; Constable Waghorn (who bagged £160 in fines three weeks ago) hurries up with a little bit of paper pencilled by the operator of the electrical timing apparatus. "Thirty-four and half miles," says Waghorn. "Hard lines," says the Duke. A week later the chauffeur appears at Hayward's Heath police-court, and pays £10 and costs. Thirteen other motorists, mostly from London, were caught at the same time, and the fines amount to £150! To me, such a performance seems ridiculous; it smacks of All Fool's Day, and I think that THE BYSTANDER should help motorists to avoid these senseless snares.

Alfred C. Hunter

Photo by] **The wreck of the "Marguerite" on the rocks at Cape D'Ail** [*Topical Agency*

The rough weather caused much damage to many boats, and the *Gobron* had to be towed home. The *Marguerite's* fate was still more unfortunate, she being thrown on the rocks, and suffering shipwreck in true nautical style

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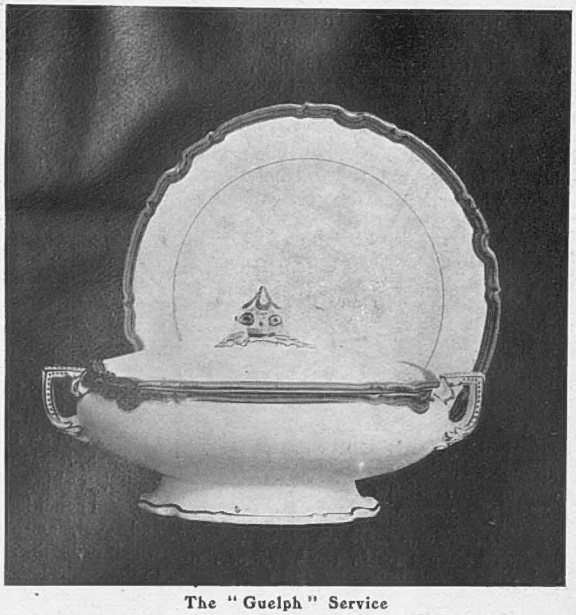
The Connoisseur

THE ART OF TABLE DECORATION

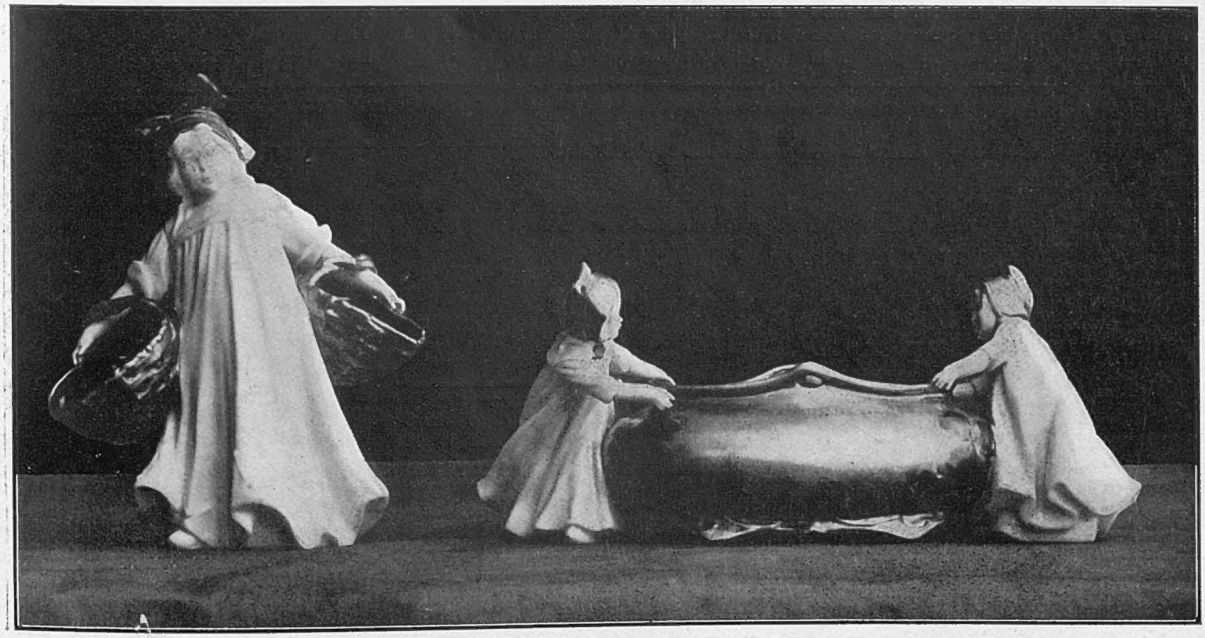
Like all the minor graces of life, the decoration of the dining-table has become democratised in our day, not always with the most satisfactory results. To compare, say, the eighteenth-century table of "The Young Duke," in Mr. Orchardson's famous picture, with its ornamented damask, its Venetian glass, and its fine centre-piece of the silver ship in full sail, with a Mayfair table of twenty years ago, is to place dignity, grace, and æsthetic reticence, in competition with vulgar display, and lavish ornament, at once complicated and ineffective.

But of late years, the important credo of simplicity has modified even the decorations of the dining-table, and no house has done more in this direction than the well-known one of Osler's, in Oxford Street. They have recently introduced a great variety of figures of children, in white porcelain, with silver gilt and gold ornamentation—the result being not unlike the early lustre work—which are skilfully designed to carry flowers or ferns, and also become *bonbonnières* and the like, on occasion. The figures are remarkable for the brilliancy and lightness, and the movement and grace they suggest. The photographs which we give are characteristic, but the collection is so large that all tastes may find something to please. After the glass and silver, or perhaps before, one of the most important accessories of the table must always be the china service. In this department of applied art, Messsrs. Osler's have made a clever departure by reproducing a Georgian design of a moulded silver plate, an agreeable and distinguished pattern which lends itself to the ceramic copy far better than most designs in metal. They call this particular pattern the *Guelph*, and are showing it in a very large number of varieties, from plain white to



The "Guelph" Service
Copied from a silver plate, Georgian design

examples brilliantly coloured, with skilfully raised gilt designs, and jewelled after a fashion which is rich and popular, but rather ornate and over *prononcé*. These sets vary in cost, we believe, from about £5 to £60, but among all the large quantity from which to choose, those pieces decorated with a rich gold and dark blue narrow border, the rest of the surface being left pure white, are those which will give the greatest pleasure for the longest time. These last can, of course, be further decorated by the addition of a crest, which, carefully produced, is always effective, and lends an individuality to the service which no other ornament can give. E. M.



Newly designed porcelain figures for the decoration of the dinner table

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Easter in Belgium

It is surprising the number of people one meets who have never been to Belgium, yet Brussels is but a nine hours' journey from London. The country is hardly ripe enough at Easter for the town lover, and after a winter in London, even after such a comparatively good winter as we have just had, the lightness and brightness of Brussels proves a splendid tonic. And if you are young, and would see the world with a slender purse, the Belgian State Railway, in connection with our own South Eastern, are issuing Easter excursion tickets available for eight days. The fare is : 3rd class, 18*s.* 4*d.* ; second, 27*s.* 3*d.* ; 1st, 38*s.* With these wonderfully cheap tickets you may break the journey at Ostend, Bruges, and Ghent. If you have never been to Bruges and Ghent, where the atmosphere of the Middle Ages still lingers among the gabled houses and along by the canals, write to the Belgian State Railway, 47, Cannon Street, for particulars of their Easter excursions, and make up your mind to take advantage of them. Ward, Lock publish a good guide-book, but Grant Allen's "Cities of Belgium" should be in the hands of the student.

French Fact and English Fiction

Fact generally anticipates fiction, and it is rare that fiction so completely gives the lead to fact in a matter of so much importance as the coming meeting of the French and English Squadrons. Nevertheless, for months past, in the big Empress Hall, at the Earl's Court Exhibition, a full-sized third-class cruiser, has been rehearsing the meeting with the French Squadron in the Mediterranean, and the firing of responsive salutes. As is appropriate to a naval exhibition organised by the leading experts in the land, the cruiser will be accurate in every detail, and be armed with four 4·7 guns—similar to those that saved Ladysmith — four 6-pounder Hotchkiss, and four ·303 Maxims, all quick firers. Her binnacle, steam winch and pumping gear, are those that were used on the Antartic ship *Discovery*. About 800 people at one time will be enabled to make the passage to the Mediterranean, and in this cruiser witness the daily life on board a warship.

Empire Linen Mesh Underwear

To the majority of Englishmen, Linen Mesh Underwear needs no introduction, for, in one form or another, it has been already brought under their notice. It is unfortunate that some of the earlier makes, however comfortable and hygienically valuable they may have been, did not give satisfaction in wear. This was owing partly to want of experience on the part of the manufacturers, and partly to prejudice in favour of a pure white article. Empire Linen Mesh is free from all these earlier defects. It is a cloth woven from pure linen in an extremely strong but delicate mesh, presenting a beautifully soft surface, meeting all the modern knowledge we have of hygiene. It is claimed that the Empire Mesh is the healthiest to wear, because, by the admission of air through the minute cells in the mesh, it has a beneficial action on the healthiest skin. Further, that in actually diseased conditions, in cases of rheumatism and gout, and in unhealthy conditions which make the skin easily irritated, owing to the hygienic construction of the garment and the pleasant surface it presents to the body, Empire Linen Mesh has direct curative value, and the underwear itself is most flatteringly recognised by the Medical Press.

The Cameo Classics

"Little and good" is just the term to apply to the two first volumes we have received of the new Cameo Library, consisting of "A Tale of Two Cities," and "The Beauties of Sterne." These dainty little volumes are attractively bound in art vellum, and are clearly printed on good paper. When a series, somewhat similar in form, at first began to appear some years ago, they were thought to be veritable miracles in publishing at 1*s.* or even 1*s.* 6*d.* charged for them. With the advent of the Cameo Library, however, another great advance has been made in lessening the price of standard literature, and, though the volumes of this series are half the price of their rivals, they are equally as attractive in get-up

The New "Gaiety" Restaurant

In the beginning of May, the New Gaiety Restaurant will throw open its doors, its spacious foyers and handsome dining and banqueting halls, to its patrons. Rising from the ruins of its famous namesake, the new and imposing edifice towers over the "Temple of Burlesque" alongside, from which it has never yet been separated. The chaste, classical exterior, handsomely proportioned in height to its frontage, is freely relieved by many windows, thus ensuring a plenitude of light from three sides to each of the six stories. An impressive Masonic Temple, a ballroom with an oak floor on springs, the "Carmen," "Esmeralda," and "Monte Christo" rooms, the "Dutch" buffet, the "Nellie Farren," "Kate Vaughan," and "Fred Leslie" rooms, are but a few of the attractions of the New Gaiety Restaurant and Hotel, which is six minutes from Waterloo, four from the Tube, on the straight line from Euston's great termini, and touched by a myriad 'buses.

The Royal Society of Miniature Painters

The private view of the tenth annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters took place on Saturday, April 15, at the Modern Gallery, 61, New Bond Street, W. The exhibition will be open to the public until May 13.

Awards at Cape Town Exhibition

We understand that at the Cape Town Exhibition, four gold medals, being the highest awards, were secured by Spratt's Patent Ltd., for their Packet Bird Seeds, Parrot Food, Chicken Meal, and "Chikko," Poultry Food and Patent Dog Foods.

The Royal Botanic Gardens

The Royal Botanic Gardens Club, in the gardens in Regent's Park, has just been redecorated in preparation for the coming season. Many important social events are in contemplation, or have been arranged to take place in the Society's gardens during the summer, and the club, formed seven years ago among the Fellows, is usually much in request on such occasions. The Army and Navy Co-operative Society have been appointed caterers for 1905.

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